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Mr. Balfour and His Successor

Arthur J. Balfour, for many years leader of the tory-unionist party in the British Commons, recently resigned that position on account of poor health and advancing age. No great effort was made to induce him to reconsider his decision, but it was probably irrevocable. While the retirement was voluntary, Mr. Balfour knew that there had developed serious opposition to his leadership since the fight over the anti-veto bill. The extremists in the party regarded him as irresolute, cold, lacking in aggressive qualities and uncertain in his views of the issues now before the country—protection, home rule for Ireland, manhood suffrage, compulsory insurance and compensation for industrial accidents, and reform of the upper house.

It is true that Mr. Balfour has never declared himself unequivocally in favor of protection and taxation of food. He is not a reactionary tory; and in many ways he has recognized "the spirit of the age." He is opposed to home rule, but even on this issue he is not stubbornly averse to concession and conciliation. His great acumen, ability, prestige, scholarship and versatility are, of course, recognized by all. Premier Asquith has called him "the most distinguished member of parliament."

The successor of Mr. Balfour is Andrew Bonar Law, a retired merchant of no social prestige or university training, and of but limited parliamentary experience. Mr. Law was born in Canada, inherited a fortune, and gave up busi-

ness for politics. He is an effective advocate of protection for England and a good speaker and writer on economic subjects generally. He is a moderate tory, has shown sympathy with labor and social reform, and will endeavor to emphasize the constructive side of the tory platform. Irish home rule he will fight strenuously, and it remains to be seen what he will offer as the alternative solution of the perennial Irish problem. He is expected to receive faithful support and to reunite the hostile factions.

These are critical days for British parties and politicians. Labor is restive, new issues are challenging attention, and the renewal of the bitter contest over home rule threatens to cause discord and to disappoint those who believe industrial and economic reforms to be paramount. There are those who predict another general election within a year. A manhood suffrage bill, with a woman-enfranchising amendment as a probable rider, will pass the commons early next year and suffer defeat in the lords, which are still defending plural voting and property as the basis of voting power. That, rather than home rule, may necessitate an immediate appeal to the country, or, at any rate afford justification for an election.



Steps Toward Industrial Peace in England

Strikes and lockouts are bad for any country, especially when they affect transportation or fundamental, vital industries. They are particularly dangerous in countries that depend on foreign food and must maintain large armies and navies for defense. Great Britain has suffered so much from recent labor troubles and industrial warfare that her statesmen and thinkers are devoting especial attention to the problem of strike prevention.

One important step has just been taken by the government, in addition to previous steps and measures in the same direction. A national industrial council has been created to

supplement the work of sectional and trade boards of conciliation. The council has twelve representative employers, as many representative employes—leaders of labor generally—and a permanent chairman. The members of the council are men of prestige and influence, and the only weapon they are given is—publicity. They have no power to compel arbitration or to enforce an award made by them. The element of compulsion has been purposely eliminated from the scheme. The council will investigate disputes of a serious character, invite witnesses and contestants to appear before them, analyze the questions at issue, and recommend terms of settlement. It is hoped and expected that the self-interest of the parties, as well as the moral pressure of public opinion, will generally, or nearly always, lead to the acceptance of the award thus rendered. The council is too large and too fairly constituted to be governed by class prejudice, to decide otherwise than impartially and reasonably questions of wages, hours, conditions of labor, etc. Occasionally, of course, a strike occurs over a matter of principle, such as recognition of a union, where compromise is perhaps impossible. But even in such disputes the council may be able to give sound advice and to promote an understanding. This scheme is to be tried for a year, and at the end of that time it may be modified. Perhaps a degree of compulsion may be found advisable. At present neither employers nor employed in England favor compulsory arbitration.

Even more significant than this action is that of a number of economists, employers, legislators and labor men in issuing a sort of manifesto to the public on the whole industrial situation, deploring existing conditions and earnestly recommending bold, constructive and radical changes. Strikes and lockouts, bitterness and prejudice, mutual suspicion and enmity are declared to be unworthy of our age and our culture. Co-operation, profit sharing, ownership by employees of stock in the companies they work for, representation and voting in the directorates, are advocated as the

only true solutions of the labor problem. Capital and labor are partners; why not strive to make them formal partners? Why not encourage the peopleization of industry? Why should not skilled and intelligent men own in part their tools and factories? Why should not employers urge them to do so?

These are advanced ideas, but co-operation is not untried in England's productive industries. To many, if not to most, industries and trades copartnership and profit-sharing in some form are applicable even now. With education and example, more industries will be able to adopt the suggested remedy. What was once "theory" is becoming intensely practical reality.



Revolution and Mystery in China

The Chinese empire never puzzled the West more than it has puzzled us in recent weeks. The news and developments have been most startling—and most strange. It is impossible to understand some of the features of the situation, while prediction is not hazarded even by intelligent, experienced correspondents who have spent years in China. Is there to be a revolutionary transformation there? Will a real republic be established? Will it live and prosper, if established? Will the very radical constitution granted by the Manchu dynasty in an hour of panic and dismay become a vital, significant instrument? Are there to be genuine political, social and administrative reforms in the provincial and imperial spheres? Will the more moderate statesmen succeed in saving the throne and converting China into a limited monarchy? Or is China threatened with civil war, anarchy, decentralization, disintegration and foreign intervention?

Whatever the phenomena reported may mean, or be found eventually to have meant, certain things are certain. The old order is doomed; the privileges and abuses of the

Manchu ruling class are ended. The new or young China is conscious of its power and means to use it. It may or may not succeed at once, but education and contact with the West have given it ideas and aspirations which cannot fail to bear fruit. The student element is active and prominent in the revolution now in progress, and this element, as a rule, is sincere, unselfish and practical. It knows what it wants and its ideas of reform are definite. It has military and civil support. It has organization and means.

On this point we may quote a few sentences from an article in *The Independent* contributed by Professor Edward A. Ross, of Wisconsin, who has visited and studied China. He says:

"Reform" is in the air in China, but there are two brands of reform—that of the Manchu rulers and that of the leaders of the people. By "reform" the Government means the suppression of weakening vices like opium-smoking and gambling, the building of railroads, the establishing of a trained police, the strengthening of army and navy and the opening of new sources of Government revenue. But among the patriots "reform" means universal education, industrial training, an improved agriculture sanitation, a free press, a humane penal system, the expenditure of taxes for the benefit of the people, accounting for public money and the responsibility of Government to the chosen representatives of the people.

This throws some light on the sudden and extensive rebellion which to many at first seemed reactionary. The late empress dowager had promised constitutional government and a parliament; she had taken several steps in that direction; a senate or national assembly, as well as provincial assemblies, had been called into existence; in any case, the time for calling a parliament would soon have come. Whence, then, the savage and fierce rebellion? In part, it must be admitted, it was reactionary; certain provincial rulers objected to imperial railroad building and to foreign loans for that purpose. "State rights" were involved, and state "graft," as we should call it. It was feared that the movement would become anti-foreign, and many thought with dread of the Boxer rebellion of the last decade of the 19th century. Subsequent developments surprised and re-

assured the West on that score. The rebels were as anxious as the imperial troops to protect foreigners and earn respect and confidence abroad. This was decidedly new in China, and as significant as new.

As the movement spread, one province after another repudiated the Manchu dynasty and declared itself free and republican. To escape complete defeat, the court recalled Yuan Shi-Kai, the former viceroy, the unselfish statesman whom it had degraded and exiled three years before on account of his progressive views and organizing ability, and implored him to become premier, head of the army, or even dictator. It pleaded for mercy and pardon. Yuan was acclaimed as "the man of the hour," especially in foreign countries, since he was popular with the best drilled and most efficient of China's troops, level-headed, efficient and progressive. He assumed command, later reluctantly consented to act as premier, and entered into negotiations with the revolutionary generals and leaders. It is Yuan's conviction that a truly constitutional, limited monarchy would answer China's needs and solve her problems better than a republic. He soon indicated, however, that he realized the difficulties of stemming the republican tide. Manchu rule had become too abhorrent. It had become synonymous with waste, ignorance, obstinacy, arrogance and tyranny and the concessions of the last few years had not removed the distrust and bitter hatred of the dynasty in central and southern China. The most remarkable thing of all in the amazing situation, perhaps, is that even the three provinces of Manchuria, the home of the Manchu clan, revolted and declared for a republic. The Manchu dynasty had lost touch with its own home and clan and had not gained the good will of the Chinese. After 300 years its time has apparently come.

Yet, it must be repeated, no prophecy is safe regarding mysterious China. The revolution may go too far and provoke reaction; all sorts of unforeseen things may happen.

Nothing is certain except the fact that, whatever happens, great changes are unavoidable. The old order cannot be permanently restored.



More Socialist Victories

In the elections of November 7 one unexpected and significant feature was the number of socialist victories in municipalities. From one end of the country to the other the socialist vote showed heavy gains. Cities and towns considered large were actually carried by socialist candidates for mayor and aldermen, and other important towns were all but carried. Among those "captured" are Canton, Lima, Lorain, in Ohio, New Castle, Pennsylvania, and Schenectady, New York, all important cities. In Columbus, Ohio, the Socialists, had as many votes as the Republicans. They carried five towns in the State of Washington, where women vote. In Chautauqua County, New York, they were ahead of the Democrats.

Again the question is asked, What is the meaning of this? A few years ago socialism was regarded as something alien, un-American, remote, Utopian or revolutionary. Few expected to see socialist mayors and councils, socialist delegates in the legislatures, socialist boards of education, socialist sheriffs and county commissioners. What has happened? Has socialism become acceptable and popular? Has it become naturalized?

An investigation and careful study recently made by Professor Hoxie of the University of Chicago answered these questions in a way that is calculated to reassure the conservative Americans. The tide of socialism is rising, the investigation showed, but our type of successful socialism in neither "impossibilist" nor dangerous, neither doctrinaire nor revolutionary. Men may or may not accept the full socialist platform—state monopoly of production, abolition of competitive industry and the wage system, etc. But they vote

for socialist candidates when the older and "great" parties utterly fail to give them decent government. The socialist movement is still idealistic, democratic and unselfish. Its candidates are generally men of character and ability; they mean, if elected, to serve the community honestly and efficiently. They may have radical ideas, but they know that these cannot be realized under existing laws and constitutions. They do what they can to improve conditions here and now. This is not socialism, but it is something the citizens now demand and will take from any party. Prejudice and fear of the name Socialism are disappearing. Power and opportunity may develop weaknesses and vices in socialist administrations, for human nature is the same everywhere, but for the time being any city that is weary of misrule and disgusted with the "regular" party seems ready to turn to the socialists as an instrument of improvement.



Joseph Pulitzer and the New Journalism

The late Joseph Pulitzer was the founder of what is called modern journalism. He is, since his death, judged by the good as well as the bad elements in that journalism. It is recognized even by critical writers that he influenced the newspapers of the whole world, that he had genius and public spirit, and that in many ways he rendered great service to the cause of progress in politics and industry. His whole career was remarkable and illustrative of the opportunity afforded in this country to ability, ambition, industry and originality.

Mr. Pulitzer landed as a poor, half-educated, idealistic youth in New York; he had to work hard at menial and other occupations in order to escape starvation. But he never lost hope or courage, and never ceased to read, aspire and study. Once he entered journalism as a reporter, his steady and rapid advance was assured, for nature had made him a great journalist. He soon acquired a St. Louis

paper and not long thereafter the *New York World*, at the time a paper of little influence and small circulation. He transformed both. He vitalized them and put brains and snap into them. Unfortunately something else was added by him. He succeeded beyond his own dreams. He became rich in a few years and grew richer every year. In his editorial pages he advocated many liberal and radical reforms and most vigorously fought corruption, privilege, injustice and wrong. He was always absolutely independent in his politics, and he did not hesitate to attack presidents, governors, parties when he considered them reactionary or dishonest. He made serious mistakes, but he was never intentionally dishonest. His papers became a power in politics. He lost his health and eye-sight, and for years was an invalid.

Where he aroused criticism and attack is in his treatment of news. He believed in "the sensational method" of presenting it—in dramatizing or melodramatizing news. In other newspapers, if not in his own during his last phase, this has involved the most irresponsible exploitation of crime, immorality, scandal and gossip. It involves screaming and yelling, vulgarity and bad taste, violation of privacy, the coloring and distortion of facts. It involves exaggeration and misrepresentation. Mr. Pulitzer himself came to deplore some of the tendencies of this "new journalism" and tried to check them. But his success was small. The best of his work was done editorially. He stood for honest government, fair taxation, economy, equal opportunity and freedom. He wished the Republic to mean to others what it had meant to him. Mr. Pulitzer's versatility of intellect, breadth of sympathy and interest, and earnest pregressiveness of spirit are illustrated by the unique will he left. He provided for a School of Journalism at Columbia University; he provided for the encouragement by annual prizes of good reporting, good editorial writing, good fiction, history, and drama. He established scholarships for gifted young men

desirous of continuing education in college but too poor to do so. He endowed music, art and research. He provided for suitable reward of merit in the offices of his own papers. He incidentally expressed, in explaining his gifts, sound and lofty views concerning wealth, labor, the necessity of self-discipline, the duty of public service. The sincerity and nobility of these expressions are unmistakable. Mr. Pulitzer had a rare capacity for spiritual and mental growth. His ideals were high and his practice tended to conform to them more and more. Journalism, after all, may be vital and honest at the same time.



Lincoln Farm and Shrine

The farm on which Abraham Lincoln was born, situated at Hodgenville, Kentucky, has been acquired by a national association and turned over to the United States. The log cabin which Lincoln's parents built and in which he first saw the light of day has been preserved and "enshrined" in a granite memorial hall. The generosity of a few citizens started the movement to save the farm and restore the log cabin of Lincoln's parents, and in five years, thanks to popular response and liberal subscriptions, the object was fully accomplished. The "birthplace memorial" is a stately building of white stone, with giant pillars ornamenting three sides and with an approach up a broad flight of terraced steps. The design of the building is classic and impressive, but more impressive is, as was intended it should be, the enshrined log cabin, which will bear eloquent testimony to the humble origin of Abraham Lincoln, to his early struggles and the great ability and moral genius that enabled him to rise to the presidency and the splendid, successful leadership at a time when the republic was threatened with disunion and torn by civil war.

An endowment fund must be raised to maintain the farm and open it to pilgrims without an admission fee. The sum

of \$50,000 is mentioned as probably sufficient. We have had occasion to refer recently to the report on and discussion of the proposed Lincoln memorial in the national capital. That, of course, will be the national memorial. But that at Hodgenville should attract its thousands of visitors annually and give them inspiration, enthusiasm and faith in the principles of the Republic as they were championed and expounded by the emancipator and defender of the Union.



Safety on Railroads and "State Rights"

Whatever theory one may hold regarding state powers and functions as opposed to national authority, he cannot, if honest, sympathize with those who would create a zone of twilight and uncertainty, a zone neither clearly under federal nor manifestly under state jurisdiction. In such zones fraud, oppression, injustice and waste cannot fail to thrive. Those who oppose proper regulation of railroads are champions of state rights when the federal government "threatens" to extend its control over transportation, but quickly forget their arguments and interest in states' rights when the latter undertake to pass radical railroad laws.

The commerce commission and the Supreme Court have evinced a full appreciation of the need of doing away with twilight zones and following reason and fact in defining jurisdiction over transportation. A recent decision strikingly illustrates this and indicates, perhaps, the trend of opinion as to federal power over commerce and its instrumentalities. The question in the case, briefly stated, was this: Does the federal railroad safety act, which prescribes automatic couplers and other improvements designed to prevent accidents to employes or passengers, apply where a defective car was used in intra-state commerce in the sense that it carried goods from one place in a state to another within the same state?

Of course, the federal government can regulate interstate commerce and not state commerce. To a line between points in a state a federal law would have no application. On the other hand, a state cannot regulate anything except commerce within its boundaries. It cannot, under the constitution and decisions interpreting the commerce clause, interfere with, unduly burden or regulate commerce among the states or with foreign nations. But what of railroads which do both state and interstate business; what of cars, locomotives and equipment which are used interchangeably in both classes of traffic? The Supreme Court answered these questions in an advanced, significant opinion in the case referred to. To quote a few sentences:

Speaking only of railroads which are highways of both inter-State and intra-State commerce, these things are of common knowledge. Both classes of traffic are at times carried in the same car, and when this is not the case the cars in which they are carried are frequently commingled in the same train and in the switching and other movements at terminals.

Cars are seldom set apart for exclusive use in moving either class of traffic, but generally are used interchangeably in moving both; and the situation is much the same with trainmen, switchmen, and like employees, for they usually, if not necessarily, have to do with both classes of traffic. Besides, the several trains on the same railroad are not independent in point of movement and safety, but are interdependent; for whatever brings delay or disaster to one, or results in disabling one of its operatives, is calculated to impede the progress and imperil the safety of other trains. And so the absence of appropriate safety appliances from any part of any train is a menace not only to that train, but to others.

If a railroad is a highway of interstate commerce, all cars and equipment on it must at all times satisfy the federal safety appliance act. A car may be in intra-state commerce; if the road itself, if the train, be engaged in interstate commerce, the national law is applicable. This decision may involve far-reaching implications and corollaries, but it is approved generally as being sound, practical and just.



Canadian Census of 1911

It appears that many Canadians are disappointed with the results of the recent census. They had predicted or

expected that the returns would show a population of about 9,000,000, while 8,000,000 was the irreducible minimum they would concede. As a matter of fact, the population is about 7,150,000. After the rejection of reciprocity with us on the ground that the Dominion could stand alone and insisted on an independent fiscal policy—as if reciprocity in any way affected fiscal independence or implied subjection—the realization of the fact that the population was so small undoubtedly had the effect of an anti-climax with the enthusiasts. Yet the figures should be very satisfactory to the sober-minded Canadians; the growth for the decade covered was healthy and gratifying; the gain since 1891 was about 33 per cent, as against a gain of only 11.14 per cent for the previous decade, or against an American gain for the same decade of about 21 per cent.

The largest increases were made in the new western provinces, which have attracted not only European but American immigration of the best sort. These provinces added a million to their population. Ontario and Quebec made small gains, while the maritime provinces regarded as a unit lost population. This spells the future ascendancy of the West and re-distribution of political power in the Dominion. The West, by the way, is in favor of freer trade with the United States.

Aside from the agricultural provinces, Canada suffers from the cityward drift almost as much, relatively speaking, as we do. In Ontario 70 per cent of the whole gain in population was absorbed by four cities. Montreal and the city of Quebec almost absorbed the gain of their province. And this in spite of the fact that Canada rigidly restricts immigration and imposes tests on newcomers that would be deemed illiberal in the United States. She says frankly that she wants farmers, skilled mechanics and men with capital, but not poor, unskilled laborers. These things tend to prevent congestion, yet the lure of the great city counteracts them. Canada continues to lose population to New

England and New York, and the number of American farmers moving to Canada is not as great as many have supposed it to be. Altogether, the Canadian census, whether "disappointing" or not, furnishes many problems to our neighbors. What is their natural increase? What their emigration and immigration? What light is thrown on economic and political policy by the new figures?



Neighborhood Social Center Movement

It is generally known that in the last several years the idea of making wider educational and social use of school buildings has won considerable support and favor. When first broached, it was frowned upon, because it was unfamiliar and had a radical sound. Besides, there was the question of additional expense. Greater use means more supervision and increased cost of repair and maintenance. These considerations, however, have not arrested the movement, and in several cities school buildings have been opened to the larger public under reasonable regulations. Illustrated lectures, meetings of parents' associations, musical and literary entertainments, discussions of non-political problems—these, as a rule, are the things for which the school buildings are used under the new idea. But it is felt by leaders in the civic and social movement for reform that very little has yet been done to develop neighborhood social centers and that the movement needs stimulating and energizing.

A national conference, attended by many eminent educators, state executives and civic workers was recently held at Madison, Wisconsin, under the auspices of the state university, to compare notes and take steps to promote the ends and purposes of the movement in question. The problem of the conference was stated in these words—"to develop in every neighborhood, through the wider use of the school plant or otherwise, a common meeting place for citizenship expression, for wholesome recreation, for broad-

ening information, for the fostering of public health and welfare—a neighborhood social center.”

The discussion was spirited and interesting, and results are expected to follow in due course. There is, of course, no need to dwell on the value of education and instruction, of mutual understanding and sympathy, of toleration and cooperation, and hardly any to emphasize the utility of elevating social and artistic functions. The question is a practical one—of providing facilities. In rural and suburban communities the difficulties of providing these necessities and luxuries of the higher social life are much greater than in cities and towns, but they are not insuperable. Where school plants cannot be conveniently used, there are court houses, town halls, libraries, etc., public buildings all, supported by taxation. Why should they not all be used with reasonable freedom as neighborhood centers? It is not doubted that the idea will prove exceedingly popular, with happy results from every enlightened point of view.



Notes.

NATIONAL VACATION BIBLE SCHOOLS

“College Ministry,” the organ of the Daily Vacation Bible School Association, shows that 103 churches of all the leading Protestant Communions in 17 Civic Centers, were open daily for six weeks, during July and August, to children of all creeds and races, and that 27,021 boys and girls were enrolled in the 103 Vacation Bible Schools organized and conducted by 425 earnest students employed by the association and affiliated committees. The chief centers of work were Boston, Providence, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Pittsburg, Chicago and Cleveland, and at least 9,000 children were enrolled in New York and Philadelphia in schools conducted on identical lines, by other organizations.

The program consisted of a daily two-hour school session in which one hour was devoted to music and Bible lessons, and one hour to manual work and play. Each afternoon was given up to oversight of children's play out of doors, organization of park excursions and visitations of homes. In each school as much Bible teaching was covered in six weeks as could be overtaken in the Sunday School in seven months.

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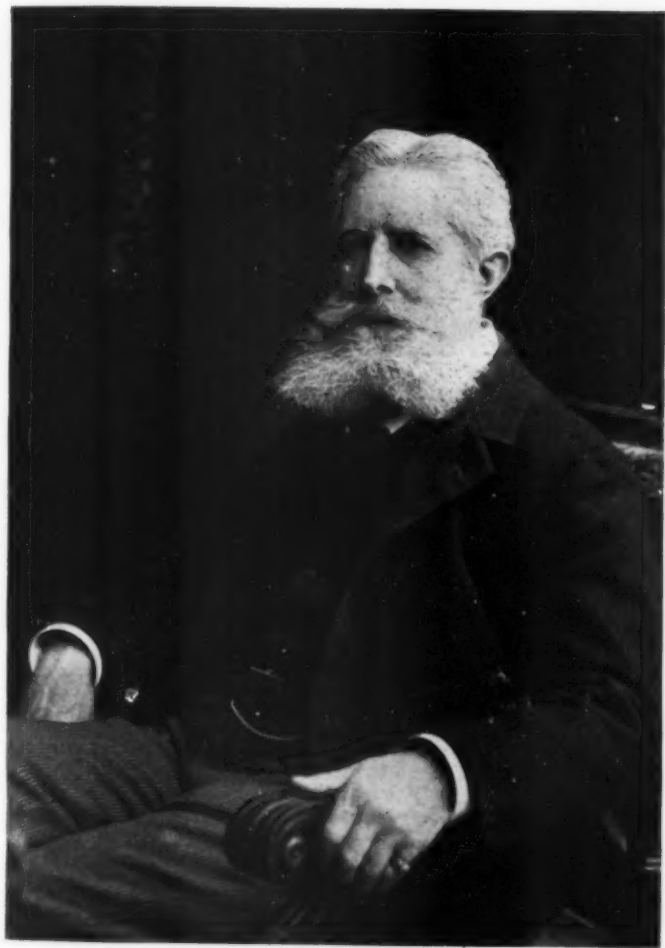
The children came from the most crowded centers and were overwhelmingly of foreign parentage, and beyond Sunday School influence. They were taught useful lessons in philanthropy, and out of their poverty gave 13,000 pennies to found a new school next year. The boys made hammocks and the girls made dresses for themselves, and from among the choicest articles made, they freely gave over 2,000 gifts to the sick and crippled children of at least 30 hospitals—Catholic, Protestant and Jewish.

One school occupying a fashionable Fifth Avenue Church in New York, ran a special omnibus for the East Side children every morning, and in another city the local dentists established a free chair in the school and treated all the children. The rector and vestry of Trinity Parish in New York, opened up three of its chapels to the schools and provided the expense.

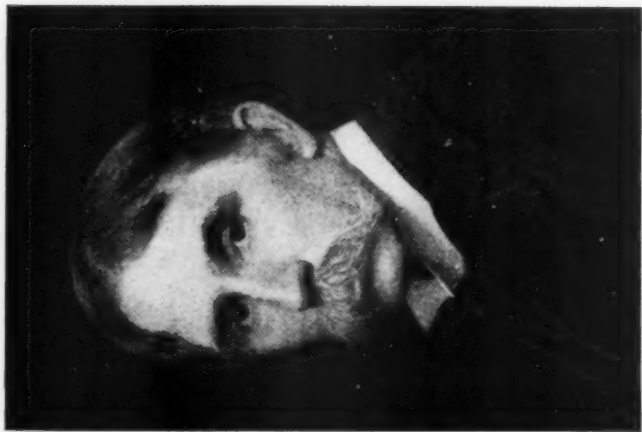
Auburn, Hartford, Rochester and Yale Theological Seminaries furnished men with scholarships to enter this field of service, and such colleges as Vassar, Wellesley, Bryn Mawr, Barnard, Swarthmore, and Mt. Holyoke supported whole schools in Boston, New York and Philadelphia, so that their earnest students might serve the cause of childhood. The universities took a hand—Chicago, Western Reserve, Yale, Wesleyan, Brown, Cornell and Princeton, each having a share, either by official action of the faculty or the direct action of the students. The graduating class of the Bennett School for Girls, at Milbrook, N. Y., supported the Halcyon Kindergarten School in the poorest Italian quarter of New York, and many other schools contributed; seven City Mission Societies co-operated.

This movement was started in New York in 1901 by the Rev. Robert G. Boville, to bring together (1) the idle children in (2) the unused church buildings of their neighborhoods (3) by the unemployed students who were sons and daughters of the church, but for whom it had hitherto found no place for service in the vacation period. The Headquarters of the Daily Vacation Bible School are in the Bible House, New York City; the Rev. Dr. Leighton Parks is president.





Edmund Clarence Stedman



Richard Watson Gilder



Henry Van Dyke



Paul Laurence Dunbar



Frank L. Stanton



Thomas Bailey Aldrich

(Courtesy of Houghton Mifflin Company)



V. Poetry*†

Benjamin A. Heydrick, A. M.

IT was old Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun who said that if he were permitted to make the ballads of a nation he cared not who wrote its laws. The saying goes back to a time when poetry was recited, not read: when it lived on the lips of the common people and moulded their ideals. Its influence was great because it was the only form of literature that reached the mass of the people. To-day the novel, the play, the editorial, all exert more influence than poetry. Yet the poets, undiscouraged, sing on, and if they no longer shape our national life, they certainly mirror that life and interpret it.

The poems which reflect American life may be divided into four groups: those dealing with historical events,

*See CHAUTAUQUAN for September and October, 1911, for instalments I and II, on The Novel, November for III on The Short Story, and December for IV on The Drama.

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Houghton Mifflin Company—Centennial Hymn, J. G. Whittier; The Vanishing City, The New Politician, R. W. Gilder; Ode in Time of Hesitation, W. V. Moody; The Mystery of Gilgal, John Hay; Israel Freyer's Bid for Gold, E. C. Stedman; The Unguarded Gates, T. B. Aldrich.

Small, Maynard & Co.—The Word of the Lord from Havana, The Call of the Bugles, Richard Hovey.

Doubleday, Page & Co.—The Wall Street Pit, A Leaf from the Devil's Jest-Book, Edwin Markham.

Harper and Brothers.—When the Great Grey Ships Come In, G. W. Carryl.

D. Appleton & Co.—Reunited, F. L. Stanton.

The Frank A. Munsey Co.—A Song of Panama, A. D. Runyon.

The Century Co.—Old John Henry, J. W. Riley.

The Macmillan Co.—My Country, G. E. Woodberry.

Horace Traubel—Thou Mother with Thy Equal Brood, Walt Whitman.

Charles Scribner's Sons.—The Ancestral Dwellings, Who Follow the Flag, from "The Poems of Henry van Dyke," The Symphony, from "The Poems of Sidney Lanier."

Edwin A. Robinson, author of The Klondike.

those describing American scenes and characters, those treating of national problems, and those expressing the spirit of patriotism. The first group is naturally the largest. A recently published collection of poems of American history contains nearly a thousand titles, and the compiler says that he rejected four times as many as he published. Every event of importance has found its Homer to celebrate it.

In the early part of the period under consideration the chief national interest was in the problem of Reconstruction in the South. Madison Cawein's poem on the Ku Klux calls up vividly the conditions when justice was administered by nameless night-riders.

KU KLUX

We have sent him seeds of the melon's core,
And nailed a warning upon his door;
By the Ku Klux laws we can do no more.

Down in the hollow, mid crib and stack,
The roof of his low-porched house looms black,
Not a line of light at the doorsill's crack.

Yet arm and mount! and mask and ride!
The hounds can sense though the fox may hide!
And for a word too much men oft have died.

The clouds blow heavy towards the moon,
The edge of the storm will reach it soon,
The killdee cries and the lonesome loon.

The clouds shall flush with a wilder glare
Than the lightning makes with its angled flare,
When the Ku Klux verdict is given there.

In the pause of the thunder rolling low,
A rifle's answer—who shall know
From the wind's fierce hurl and the rain's black blow?

Only the signature written grim
At the end of the message brought to him,—
A hempen rope and a twisted limb.

For the Centennial at Philadelphia in 1876, poems were written by Whittier, Bryant, Lanier, Holmes, Whit-

man and Bayard Taylor. Whittier's contribution was the well-known hymn beginning:

Our father's God! from out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand,
We meet today, united, free,
And loyal to our land and Thee.

The World's Fair at Chicago, with its revelation of the beauty of architecture and the glory of its nightly illumination was celebrated by Richard Watson Gilder in *The Vanishing City*:

Thou shalt of all the cities of the world
Famed for their grandeur, evermore endure
Imperishably and all alone impearled
In the world's living thought, the one most sure
Of love undying and of endless praise
For beauty only—chief of all thy kind;
Immortal, even because of thy brief days;
Thou cloud-built, fairy city of the mind!
Never before
Save where the soul beats unembodied wings
'Gainst viewless skies,—was such enchanted shore
Jewelled with ivory palaces like these.

The discovery of gold in the Klondike roused the spirit of adventure as in the days of '49, and a stream of gold-seekers turned their faces towards the frozen North. What they found there is vividly told by Edwin A. Robinson.

THE KLONDIKE.

Never mind the day we left, or the way the women clung to us;
All we need now is the last way they looked at us.
Never mind the twelve men there amid the cheering—
Twelve men or one man, 'twill soon be all the same;
For this is what we know: we are five men together,
Five left o' twelve men to find the golden river.

Far we came to find it out, but the place was here for all of us.
Far, far we came and here we have the last of us.
We that were the front men, we that would be early,
We that had the faith, and the triumph in our eyes;
We that had the wrong road, twelve men together,—
Singing when the devil sang to find the golden river.

Say the gleam was not for us, but never say we doubted it;
Say the wrong road was right before we followed it.
We that were the front men, fit for all forage,—

Say that while we dwindled we are front men still;
 For this is what we know tonight: we're starving here
 together—
 Starving on the wrong road to find the golden river.

But so far our poets had lacked a really national theme,
 one that would give them opportunity to speak for a nation
 deeply moved. That opportunity came with the destruction
 of the battleship Maine. The event happened at a time
 when our sympathies were already strongly roused by the
 sufferings of Cuba; to Richard Hovey it was as if the
 voice of God had spoken.

THE WORD OF THE LORD FROM HAVANA.

Thus spake the Lord:
 Because ye have not heard,
 Because ye have given no heed,
 To my people in their need.

Because the oppressed cried
 From the dust where he died,
 And ye turned your face away
 From his cry in that day.

Because ye have bought and sold
 That which is above gold,
 Because your brother is slain
 While ye get you drunk with gain,

(Behold, these are my people, I have brought them to birth,
 On whom the mighty have trod,
 The kings of the earth,
 Saith the Lord God!)

Because ye have fawned and bowed down
 Lest the spoiler frown,
 And the wrongs that the spoiled have borne
 Ye have held in scorn,

Therefore with rending and flame
 I have marred and smitten you,
 Therefore I have given you the shame,
 That the nations shall spit on you;

* * * * *

Ye who held peace less than right
 When a king laid a pitiful tax on you,
 Hold not your hand from the fight
 When freedom cries under the ax on you!

(I who called France to you, call you to Cuba in turn!
Repay—lest I cast you adrift and you perish astern!)

Ye who made war that your ships
Should lay to at the beck of no nation,
Make war now on Murder, that slips
The leash of her hounds of damnation

Ye who remembered the Alamo,
Remember the Maine!

The declaration of war was followed by an instant rush of volunteers. The quickened pulse of the nation was expressed by the same poet in the lines *The Call of the Bugles*:

Bugles!
And the Great Nation thrills and leaps to arms!
Prompt, unconstrained, immediate,
Without misgiving and without debate,
Too calm, too strong for fury or alarms,
The people blossoms armies and puts forth
The splendid summer of its noiseless might;
For the old sap of fight
Mounts up in South and North,
The thrill
That tingled in our veins at Bunker Hill
And brought to bloom July of Seventy-Six!
Pine and palmetto mix
With the sequoia of the giant West
Their ready banners, and the hosts of war,
Near and far,
Sudden as dawn
Innumerable as forests, hear the call
Of the bugles,
The battle-birds!
For not alone the brave, the fortunate,
Who first of all
Have put their knapsacks on—
They are the valiant vanguard of the rest!—
Not they alone, but all our millions wait,
Hand on sword,
For the word
That bids them bid the nations know us sons of Fate.

The great victory of Admiral Dewey in Manila Bay called forth so many poems that it is hard to choose among them. Perhaps the lines of R. V. Risley best express the admiration felt for our hero, not only as a fighter but as a man:

DEWEY IN MANILA BAY.

He took a thousand islands and he didn't lose a man
 (Raise your heads and cheer him as he goes)—
 He licked the sneaky Spaniard till the fellow cut and ran,
 For fighting's part of what a Yankee knows.

He had no word to cheer him and he had no bands to play,
 He had no crowds to make his duty brave;
 But he risked the deep torpedoes at the breaking of the day,
 For he knew he had our self-respect to save.

He flew the angry signal crying justice for the Maine,
 He flew it from his flagship as he fought,
 He drove the tardy vengeance in the very teeth of Spain,
 And he did it just because he thought he ought.

He busted up their batteries and sank eleven ships,
 (He knew what he was doing every bit);
 He set the Maxims going like a hundred cracking whips,
 And every shot that crackled was a hit.

He broke 'em, and he drove 'em, and he didn't care at all,
 He only liked to do as he was bid;
 He crumpled up their squadron and their batteries and all,—
 He knew he had to lick 'em, and he did.

And when the thing was finished and they flew the frightened
 flag,
 He slung his guns and sent his foot ashore,
 And he gathered in their wounded, and he quite forgot to brag,
 For he thought he did his duty, nothing more.

At the close of the war, the results were summed up,
 Yankee-like, by Sam Walter Foss, in a humorous way as
Uncle Sam's Spring Cleaning:

"There has been a heap of rubbish dumped upon the patient
 seas,
 And all cleaning hitherto has been a sham;
 It is time for my spring cleaning.—and I hope you catch my
 meaning,—
 For I'm going to clean 'em out," says Uncle Sam.

* * * * *
 "On the Philippines, a dumpground for the mediaeval truck,
 And the old miasmal rubbish heaps of Spain,
 I began my vernal cleaning,—and I think they know my
 meaning,—
 For I turned my hose upon them at full strain,
 And I guess I swabbed 'em down,
 And I guess I rubbed it in,
 And I guess I swashed 'em off, and made 'em clean
 And when I've wiped 'em dry with my army mop says I,
 There'll be a different aspect to the scene."

Yet we are not a warlike nation, or at least not a war-loving nation. The desire for a speedy ending of the struggle was general, and when peace was declared, the national feeling was expressed by Guy Wetmore Carryl:

WHEN THE GREAT GREY SHIPS COME IN.

To eastward ringing, to westward winging, o'er mapless miles
of sea,
On winds and tides the gospel rides that the furthestmost
isles are free,
And the furthestmost isles make answer, harbor, and height,
and hill,
Breaker and beach cry each to each, "'Tis the mother who
calls! Be still!"
Mother! new-found, beloved, and strong to hold from harm.
Stretching to these across the seas the shield of her sovereign
arm,
Who summoned the guns of her sailor sons, who bade her
navies roam,
Who calls again to the leagues of main, and who calls them
this time home!

* * * * *

Oh, in the sweet hereafter Columbia still shall show
The sons of these who swept the seas how she bade them rise
and go,—
How when the stirring summons smote on her children's ear,
South and North at the call stood forth, and the whole land
answered, "Here!"
For the soul of the soldier's story and the heart of the sailor's
song
Are all of those who meet their foes as right should meet
with wrong,
Who fight their guns till the foeman runs, and then, on the
decks they trod,
Brave faces raise, and give the praise to the grace of their
country's God!

Yes, it is good to battle, and good to be strong and free,
To carry the hearts of a people to the uttermost ends of
the sea,
To see the day steal up the bay where the enemy lies in wait,
To run your ship to the harbor's lip and sink her across
the strait:—
But better the golden evening when the ships round heads
for home,
And the long gray miles slip swiftly past in a swirl of seeth-
ing foam,
And the people wait at the haven's gate to greet the men who
win!
Thank God for peace! Thank God for peace, when the great
grey ships come in!

The best result of the war was not the acquisition of distant islands but the reuniting of our own country. In the shock of a common danger, sectional feeling was forgotten. The enlisting of "Fighting Joe" Wheeler under the Stars and Stripes was a thing that made both South and North feel proud. The sense of a reunited country was best expressed by the Southern poet, Frank L. Stanton.

REUNITED.

I see the boys that fit us in the Union coats of blue,
On the some groun',—hale and hearty, an' a-shakin' howdy-do!
An' I hear the ban' play "Dixie," an' I see 'em march away,
Till I can't tell whar the blue is, an' I'm mixed up on the gray!

The old war tunes air ringin,' an' "Dixie's" on the rise;
But "Yankee Doodle" follers 'fore it's half-way to the skies!
An' the old "Star Spangled Banner" is in ever' steeple's chime,
An' I tell you, we're a-havin' of a hallelujah time!

I'm glad I've lived to see it; I'm glad the time is come
When, North an' South, we answer to the roll-call of the drum!
When thar ain't no line divides us, but North and South we stan'

For jest one common country, one freedom-lovin' lan'!

But not all the poems were songs of praise. At the close of the war, when Aguinaldo and his followers learned that they were not to be given independence, they began a desperate resistance to their new rulers. More troops were sent to put down the "insurrection." The spectacle of American soldiers called out to subdue a people fighting for independence was not pleasant. William Vaughn Moody expressed the feelings of many in his *Ode in Time of Hesitation*:

Alas! What sounds are these that come
Sullenly over the Pacific seas,
Sounds of ignoble battle, striking dumb
The season's half-awakened ecstasies?

* * * * *

I dare not yet believe! My ears are shut!
I will not hear the thin satiric praise
And muffled laughter of our enemies,
Bidding us never sheathe our valiant sword
Till we have changed our birthright for the gourd
Of wild pulse stolen from a barbarian's hut;
Showing how wise it is to cast away
The symbols of our spiritual sway,
That so our hands with better ease
May wield the driver's whip and grasp the jailer's keys.

Since the close of the Spanish-American War, the chief national undertaking has been the Panama Canal. Under the direction of Colonel Goethals this tremendous piece of engineering has been conducted in a way that will make the completed work a monument to American energy and resourcefulness. That is the prose way of saying it; this is the poet's way:

A SONG OF PANAMA.

"Chuff! chuff! chuff!" An' a mountain bluff
Is moved by the shovel's song;
"Chuff! chuff! chuff!" Oh, the grade is rough
A-liftin' the landscape along!

We are ants upon a mountain, but we're leavin' of our dent,
An' our teeth-marks bitin' scenery they will show the way
we went:
We're a-liftin' half creation, an' we're changin' it around,
Just to suit our playful purpose when we're diggin' in the
ground.

"Chuff! chuff! chuff!" Oh, the grade is rough,
An' the way to the sea is long;
"Chuff! chuff! chuff!" and the engines puff
In time to the shovel's song!

We're shiftin' miles like inches, and we grab a forest here
Just to switch it over yonder so's to have an angle clear;
We're a-pushin' leagues o' swamps aside so's we can hurry by—
An' if we had to do it we could probably switch the sky!

Alfred Damon Runyon.

The second group of poems includes those dealing with American scenes and characters. In the early part of the period, the West offered the most picturesque subject of this kind. Bret Harte, in *Plain Language from Truthful James* and *The Society upon the Stanislaw* sketched the rude life of the mining camp. Less familiar, though not less characteristic of frontier life, are the early poems of John Hay. An example is

THE MYSTERY OF GILGAL.

Tom Taggard stood behind his bar,
The time was fall, the skies was fa'r,
The neighbors round the counter drewed,
And cam'ly drinked and jawed.

At last came Colonel Blood of Pike
And old Jedge Phinn, permiscus-like,
And each, as he meandered in,
Remarked, "A whiskey-skin."

Tom mixed the beverage full and fa'r
And slammed it, smoking, on the bar.
Some says three fingers, some says two,—
I'll leave the choice to you.

Phinn to the drink put forth his hand;
Blood drewed his knife, with accent bland,
"I ax yer parding, Mister Phinn—
Jest drap that whiskey-skin."

No man high-toneder could be found
Than old Jedge Phinn the country round.
Says he, "Young man, the tribe of Phinns
Knows their own whiskey-skins!"

He went for his 'leven-inch bowie-knife:—
"I tries to foller a Christian life;
But I'll drap a slice of liver or two,
My bloomin' shrub, with you."

They carved in a way that all admired,
Tell Blood drawed iron at last, and fired.
It took Seth Bludso 'twixt the eyes,
Which caused him great surprise.

Then coats went off and all went in;
Shots and bad language swelled the din;
The short, sharp bark of Derringers,
Like bull-pups, cheered the furse.

They piled the stiffs outside the door;
They made, I reckon, a cord or more.
Girls went that winter, as a rule,
Alone to spellin' school.

For more recent pictures of American life, especially on its humbler side, we may turn to James Whitcomb Riley, the poet of Hoosierdom, Paul Laurence Dunbar, the negro poet, or Sam Walter Foss, the Yankee. Riley has chosen for his type-character the man of the country or the country town in the Middle West. Old John Henry may speak for himself:

OLD JOHN HENRY.

Old John's jes' made o' the commonest stuff—
Old John Henry—
He's tough, I reckon,—but none too tough—
Too tough though's better than not enough!
Says old John Henry!

He does his best, and when his best's bad,
 He don't fret none, er he don't git sad—
 He simply 'lows it's the best he had:
 Old John Henry!

His doctern's jes' o' the plainest brand—
 Old John Henry—
 A smilin' face and a hearty hand
 'S religion 'at all folks understand,
 Says old John Henry!
 He's stove up some with the rheumatiz,
 And they haint no shine on them shoes o' his,
 And his hair haint cut—but his eye-teeth is:
 Old John Henry!

* * * * *

Among the best purely descriptive poems of American life is Henry van Dyke's panorama of American homes.

THE ANCESTRAL DWELLINGS.

I love the old white farmhouses nestled in New England valleys,
 Ample and long and low, with elm-trees feathering over them:
 Borders of box in the yard, and lilacs and old-fashioned roses,
 A fan-light above the door, and little square panes in the windows,
 The wood-shed piled with maple and birch and hickory ready for the
 winter,
 The gambrel-roof with its garret crowded with household relics,—
 All the tokens of prudent thrift and the spirit of self-reliance.

* * * * *

I love the stately Southern mansions with their tall white columns,
 They look through avenues of trees, over fields where the cotton is
 growing;
 I can see the flutter of white frocks along the shady porches,
 Music and laughter float from the windows, the yards are full of
 hounds and horses.
 Long since the riders have ridden away, yet the houses have not
 forgotten,
 They are proud of their name and place, and their doors are always
 open,
 For the thing they remember best is the pride of their ancient hos-
 pitality.

In the towns I love the discreet and tranquil Quaker dwellings,
 With their demure brick faces and immaculate marble doorsteps;
 And the gabled houses of the Dutch, with their high stoops and iron
 railings,
 (I can see their little brass knobs shining in the morning sunlight);
 And the solid self-contained houses of the descendants of the
 Puritans,
 Frowning on the street with their narrow doors and dormer-
 windows;
 And the triple-galleried, many-pillared mansions of Charleston,

Standing open sideways in their gardens of roses and magnolias.
 Yes, they are all dear to my heart, and in my eyes they are beautiful.
 For under their roofs were nourished the thoughts that have made
 the nation;
 The glory and strength of America came from her ancestral dwell-
 ings.

In general, poetry makes no such comprehensive survey of our many-sided national life as do the novel and the short-story. A few types, the Westerner, the Hoosier, the Negro, the Yankee, have been described, but that is all. Our poets prefer to sing of blossoms and birds—there are nature-poems without number—or they write of the inner life, of love and grief and faith: themes that belong not to America but to humanity.

In the group of poems dealing with national problems we find our poets standing forth like prophets of old to warn the people of their sins. Not the least of these is the passion to gain wealth at any cost, and the admiration with which we regard great fortunes, however attained. Edmund Clarence Stedman, whose occupation as banker gave opportunity to see this at its worst, rebukes it in stinging lines in *Israel Freyer's Bid for Gold*:

But it matters most, as it seems to me,
 That my countrymen, great and strong and free,
 So marvel at fellows who seem to win,
 That if even a Clown can only begin
 By stealing a railroad, and use its purse
 For cornering stocks and gold, or—worse—
 For buying a Judge and Legislature,
 And sinking still lower poor human nature,
 The gaping public, whatever befall,
 Will swallow him, tandem, harlots, and all!

* * * * *

But tell me what prayer or fast can save
 Some hoary candidate for the grave,
 The market's wrinkled Giant Despair,
 Muttering, brooding, scheming there,—
 Founding a college or building a church
 Lest Heaven should leave him in the lurch!

* * * * *

—Let the tempest come, that's gathering near,
And give us a better atmosphere!

Edwin Markham gives us a picture of the New York Stock Exchange that may be placed beside Frank Norris's description of the Wheat Pit, quoted in an earlier paper:

THE WALL STREET PIT.

I see a hell of faces surge and whirl
Like maelstrom in the ocean—faces lean
And fleshless as the talons of a hawk—
Hot faces like the faces of the wolves
That track the traveler fleeing through the night—
Grim faces shrunk up and fallen in,
Deep-plowed like weather-eaten bark of oak—
Drawn faces like the faces of the dead,
Grown suddenly old upon the brink of Earth.

Is this a whirl of madmen ravening,
And blowing bubbles in their merriment?
Is Babel come again with shrieking crew
To eat the dust and drink the roaring wind?
And all for what? A handful of bright sand
To buy a shroud with and a length of earth?

Oh, saner are the hearts on stiller ways!
Thrice happier they who, far from these wild hours,
Grew softly as the apples on a bough.
Wiser the ploughman with his scudding blade,
Turning a straight, fresh furrow down a field—
Wiser the herdsman whistling to his heart,
In the long shadows at the break of day—
Wiser the fisherman with quiet hand,
Slanting his sail against the evening wind.

And the effects of this greed for gold, which is seen not only in the Stock Exchange but in trade in general, are told by Sidney Lanier in *The Symphony*:

* * * * *

"Yea, what avail the endless tale
Of gain by cunning and plus by sale?
Look up the land, look down the land
The poor, the poor, the poor, they stand
Wedged by the pressing of Trade's hand
Against an inward-opening door
That pressure tightens evermore;
They sigh a monstrous foul-air sigh

For the outside leagues of liberty,
 Where Art, sweet lark, translates the sky
 Into a heavenly melody.
 'Each day, all day' (these poor folks say),
 'In the same old year-long, drear-long way.
 We weave in the mills and heave in the kilns,
 We sieve mine meshes under the hills,
 And thieve much gold from the Devil's bank tills,
 To relieve, O God, what manner of ills?—
 The beasts they hunger, and eat, and die;
 And so do we, and the world's a sty;
 Hush, fellow-swine: why nuzzle and cry?

Swinehood hath no remedy
 Say many men, and hasten by
 Clamping the nose, and blinking the eye
 But who said once, in the lordly tone,
Man shall not live by bread alone
But all that cometh from the throne?
 Hath God said so?
 But Trade saith *No*:
 And the kilns and the curt-tongued mills say *Go*:
There's plenty that can, if you can't: we know.
Move out, if you think you're underpaid.
The poor are prolific; we're not afraid,
Trade is trade'."

Even the children are caught and crushed in the monstrous wheels of trade. Henry van Dyke, seeing a troop of soldiers pass by, thinks of another army who follow the flag.

Ah, who are these on whom the vital bloom
 Of life has withered to the dust of doom?
 These little pilgrims prematurely worn
 And bent as if they have the weight of years?
 These childish faces, pallid and forlorn,
 Too dull for laughter and too hard for tears?
 Is this the ghost of that insane crusade
 That led ten thousand children long ago
 A flock of innocents, deceived, betrayed,
 Yet pressing on through want and woe
 To meet their fate, faithful and unafraid?
 Nay, for a million children now
 Are marching in the long pathetic line,
 With weary step and early wrinkled brow;
 And at their head appears no holy sign
 Of hope in heaven;
 For unto them is given
 No cross to carry, but a cross to drag.
 Before their strength is ripe they bear
 The load of labor, toiling underground
 In dangerous mines, and breathing heavy air

Of crowded shops; their tender lives are bound
 To service of the whirling, clattering wheels
 That fill the factories with dust and noise;
 They are not girls and boys,
 But little "hands" who blindly, dumbly feed
 With their own blood the hungry god of Greed.
 Robbed of their natural joys,
 And wounded with a scar that never heals,
 They stumble on with heavy-laden soul,
 And fall by thousands on the highway lined
 With little graves, or reach at last their goal
 Of stunted manhood and embittered age,
 To brood awhile with dark and troubled mind
 Beside the smouldering fire of sullen rage,
 On life's unfruitful work and niggard wage.

* * * * *

Speak out, my country, speak at last,
 As thou hast spoken in the past,
 And clearly, bravely say:
 "I will defend
 "The coming race on whom my hopes depend:
 "Beneath my flag and on my sacred soil
 "No child shall bear the crushing yoke of toil."

—*Who Follow the Flag.*

And what does life hold for those in the lower ranks of our industrial system? To Edwin Markham it is a jest of the devil:

A LEAF FROM THE DEVIL'S JEST-BOOK.

Beside the sewing-table chained and bent,
 They stitch for the lady, tyrannous and proud—
 For her a wedding gown, for them a shroud;
 They stitch and stitch, but never mend the rent
 Torn in life's golden curtains. Glad Youth went,
 And left them alone with Time; and now if bowed
 With burdens they should sob and cry aloud,—
 Wondering, the rich would look from their content.

It may be said that conditions like this are not peculiar to America; that the problem of the underpaid is even more pressing in England and in Europe than it is here. True, but we hope for something better in the country once known as the Land of Opportunity. Because other countries have not listened to the cry of the worker, shall we make that an excuse for passing by on the other side?

Our other national problems have received less attention. Politics has called forth a few good poems, one by Richard Watson Gilder describing a campaign in New York State in which Governor Hughes—now Justice Hughes of the Supreme Court—was the most conspicuous figure.

THE NEW POLITICIAN.

While others hedged, or silent lay,
 He to the people spoke all day;
 Ay, and he said precisely what
 He thought: each time he touched the spot.
 "In heaven's name, what does he mean!
 Was ever such blind folly seen!"
 The wag-beard politicians cried,
 "Can no one stop the man?" they sighed.
 "This 'talking frankly' may be fun,
 But when have such mad tactics won?
 He may be happy, but the cost
 Is ours! The whole election's lost!"
 And still the people, at his feet
 Followed and cheered from street to street.
 Truly this ne'er was known before:
 No sailor, soldier, orator,
 No hero home from battle he
 Whom welcoming thousands rush to see;
 But just a man who dared to take
 His stand on justice, make or break;
 'Twas all because the people found
 A man by no conventions bound;
 Who sought to heal their black disgrace
 By treating rich and poor the same,
 Giving to crime its ugly name,
 Damning the guilty to their face.
 And when the votes at last were read
 Our candidate ran clear ahead!
 This be his glory and renown:
 He told the truth—and took the town.

Such incidents show that the American electorate is still sound at heart.

The problem presented by the great increase in immigration in recent years called forth from T. B. Aldrich the following poem:

THE UNGUARDED GATES.

* * * * *

Wide open and unguarded stand our gates
 And through them presses a wild, motley throng—
 Featureless figures of the Hoang-Ho,
 Malayan, Scythian, Teuton, Kelt and Slav,
 Flying the Old World's poverty and scorn;
 These bringing with them unknown gods and rites,
 Those, tiger passions, here to stretch their claws.
 In street and alley what strange tongues are loud,
 Accents of menace alien to our air,
 Voices that once the Tower of Babel knew!

O Liberty, white Goddess! is it well
 To leave the gates unguarded? On thy breast
 Fold Sorrow's children, soothe the hurts of fate,
 Lift the down-trodden, but with hands of steel
 Stay those who to thy portals come
 To waste the gifts of freedom. Have a care
 Lest from thy brow the clustered stars be torn
 And trampled in the dust. For so of old
 The thronging Goth and Vandal trampled Rome,
 And where the temples of the Caesars stood
 The lean wolf unmolested made her lair.

The last group of poems is made up of those which express the feeling of Americans for their country. One of the chief poets of nationalism was Walt Whitman. He delighted to celebrate democratic America, not only for its own greatness but as the consummation of all the past, and as carrying the hopes of humanity for the future.

Sail, sail thy best, Ship of Democracy,
 Of value is thy freight, 'tis not the Present only,
 The Past is also stored in thee,
 Thou holdest not the venture of thyself alone, not of the Western
 continent alone,
 Earth's *resume* entire floats on thy keel, O ship, is steadied by thy
 spars,
 With thee Time voyages in trust, the antecedent nations sink or swim
 with thee,
 With all their ancient struggles, martyrs, heroes, epics, wars, thou
 bearest the other continents,
 Theirs, theirs as much as thine, the destination—port triumphant:
 Steer then with good strong hand and wary eye, O helmsman, thou
 carriest great companions,
 Venerable priestly Asia sails this day with thee,
 And royal feudal Europe sails with thee.

—Thou Mother With Thy Equal Brood.

For intensity of patriotic feeling none of our poets surpasses George E. Woodberry. The following lines are from one of a number of poems on the same theme.

O chosen Land
 God's hand
 Doth touch thy spires,
 And light on all thy hills his rousing fires!
 O beacon of the nations, lift thy head;
 Firm be thy bases under;
 Now thy earth-might with heaven wed
 Beyond hell's hate to sunder!
 O Land of Promise, whom all eyes
 Have strained through time to see,
 Since poets, cradled in the skies,
 Flashed prophecy on thee!

Thou, the crowner of the ages,
 Now the eagle seeks thy hand;
 Poets, statesmen, heroes, sages,
 In the long-drawn portals stand!
 Well may mount to mount declare thee;
 Ocean unto ocean sound thee;
 To the skies loud hymns upbear thee;
 Earth embrace, and heaven bound thee;
 God hath found thee!

—My Country.

To the visible symbol of our country, the flag, since the day of *The Star-Spangled Banner* no finer tribute has been paid than the following poem by James Whitcomb Riley.

THE NAME OF OLD GLORY*. 1898.

Old Glory! say, who,
 By the ships and the crew,
 And the long, blended ranks of the gray and the blue,—
 Who gave you, Old Glory, the name that you bear
 With such pride everywhere
 As you cast yourself free to the rapturous air
 And leap out full-length, as we're wanting you to?—
 Who gave you that name, with the ring of the same,
 And the honor and fame so becoming to you?—
 Your stripes stroked in ripples of white and of red,
 With your stars at their glittering best overhead—
 By day or by night
 Their delightfulest light
 Laughing down from their little square heaven of blue!—
 Who gave you the name of Old Glory?—say, who—
 Who gave you the name of Old Glory?

*From "Home Folks" by James Whitcomb Riley. Copyright 1897. Used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

*The old banner lifted, and faltering then,
In vague lisps and whispers fell silent again.*

Old Glory,—speak out!—we are asking about
How you happened to “favor” a name, so to say,
That sounds so familiar and careless and gay
As we cheer it and shout in our wild breezy way—
We—the crowd, every man of us, calling you that—
We—Tom, Dick and Harry—each swinging his hat
And hurrahing “Old Glory!” like you were our kin,
When—Lord!—we all know we’re as common as sin!
And yet it just seems like you *humor* us all
And waft us your thanks, as we hail you and fall
Into line, with you over us, waving us on
Where our glorified, sanctified betters have gone.—
And this is the reason we’re wanting to know—
(And we’re wanting it so!—
Where our own fathers went we are willing to go.)—
Who gave you the name of Old Glory—O-ho!—
Who gave you the name of Old Glory?

*The old flag unfurled with a billowy thrill
For an instant, then wistfully sighed and was still.*

Old Glory: the story we’re wanting to hear
Is what the plain facts of your christening were,—
For your name—just to hear it,
Repeat it, and cheer it, ’s a tang to the spirit
As salt as a tear:—
And seeing you fly, and the boys marching by,
There’s a shout in the throat and a blur in the eye
And an aching to live for you always—or die,
If, dying, we still keep you waving on high.
And so, by our love
For you, floating above,
And the scars of all wars, and the sorrows thereof,
Who gave you the name of Old Glory, and why
Are we thrilled at the name of Old Glory?

*Then the old banner leaped, like a sail in the blast,
And fluttered an audible answer at last.—*

And it spake, with a shake of the voice, and it said:—
‘By the driven snow-white and the living blood-red
Of my bars, and their heaven of stars overhead—
By the symbol conjoined of them all, skyward cast,
As I float from the steeple, or flap at the mast,
Or droop o’er the sod where the long grasses nod,—
My name is as old as the glory of God.
. . . . So I came by the name of Old Glory.’

In general, the view of American life presented by poetry is more hopeful, more encouraging, than that found in fiction or the drama. Our poets see the evils and dangers

in our national life, but they are not for a moment doubtful of the ultimate result. Is this because poets are dreamers, and fail to realize our perils? Or is it because they see more deeply than others, and feel in our national life, beneath all its surface agitation, the force of a mighty current sweeping us surely onward to a greater and yet greater future? It has been pointed out that in the novel and the drama a certain emphasizing of points, an exaggeration of conditions, is an artistic necessity. This is less true of poetry. It is the sincerest form of literary expression, the one medium through which the writer utters his true feeling. And if this is true of the poems just quoted, the real America is the America of the poets.

POEMS ILLUSTRATING AMERICAN LIFE.

POEMS DEALING WITH HISTORICAL EVENTS.

Reconstruction

Mr. Johnson's Policy of Reconstruction, Charles G. Halpin; South Carolina to the States of the North, Paul H. Hayne; Ku Klux, Madison Cawein.

The Centennial of 1876.

Our First Century, G. E. Woodberry; Centennial Hymn, J. G. Whittier, Welcome to the Nations, O. W. Holmes; The National Ode, Bayard Taylor.

The Death of Garfield

Rejoice, Joaquin Miller; The Bells of Midnight, T. B. Aldrich; Midnight—September 19, 1881, J. B. O'Reilly.

The Chicago World's Fair

The White City, R. W. Gilder; Columbian Ode, Harriet Monroe.

The Spanish-American War

The Men of the Maine, Clinton Scollard; The Word of the Lord from Havana, Richard Hovey; Battle Song, Robert Burns Wilson; Dewey and His Men, Wallace Rice; The Dragon of the Seas, Thomas Nelson Page; The Battle Song of the Oregon, Wallace Rice; The Men of the Merrimac, Clinton Scollard; Wheeler's Brigade at Santiago, Wallace Rice; The Rush of the Oregon, Arthur Guiterman; The Men Behind the Guns, John J. Rooney; When the Great Grey Ships Come In, Guy Wetmore Carryl; The Islands of the Sea, G. E. Woodberry.

The Insurrection in the Philippines

"Rebels," Ernest Crosby; On a Soldier Fallen in the Philippines, Ode in Time of Hesitation, William Vaughn Moody; Aguinaldo, Bertrand Shadwell.

The Death of President McKinley

Faithful unto Death, Richard H. Titherington; The Comfort of the Trees, R. W. Gilder.

The Panama Canal

Panama, James J. Roche; A Song of Panama, A. D. Runyon.

POEMS DESCRIBING AMERICAN SCENES AND CHARACTERS

The East

Boston Common, O. W. Holmes; Back-Country Poems, S. W. Foss; Salem, W. W. Story; Gloucester Moors, W. V. Moody; Evening in Tyringham Valley, R. W. Gilder; A Maine Trail, G. H. McGiffert; From Ticonderoga, Percy Mackaye; The Brooklyn Bridge, Edna D. Procter; Washington Square, R. W. Gilder; Mannahatta, Walt Whitman; Broadway, Edith M. Thomas; Niagara, Florence Wilkinson; At Niagara, R. W. Gilder.

The South

The Marshes of Glynn, Tampa Robins, Sidney Lanier; Down the Bayou, M. A. Townsend; In Louisiana, A. B. Paine; October in Tennessee, Walter Malone.

The Middle West

The Wabash, Maurice Thompson; The Little Town of Tailholt, Home Ag'in, The Cheer Words, At "The Literary," The Old Band, Old John Henry, J. W. Riley; Jim Bludso, Little Breeches, The Mystery of Gilgal, John Hay; The St. Joe Gazette, With Brutus in St. Joe, Eugene Field; Chicago, Wallace Rice; In Michigan, Ivan Swift; Pioneers, Hamlin Garland; Crossing the Plains, Joaquin Miller.

The Far West

Plain Language from Truthful James, The Society upon the Stanislaw, Dow's Flat, Chiquita, Bret Harte; Our Lady of the Mine, Casey's Table D'Hote, Eugene Field; Dakota, Joel Benton; On a South Dakota Farm, C. E. Russell; California, Joaquin Miller; Among the Redwoods, The Hermitage, E. R. Sill; Yuma, C. H. Phelps; Vaquero, Joaquin Miller; The Old Santa Fe Trail, Richard Burton; Alaska, Joaquin Miller; The Klondike, A. D. Runyon.

POEMS DEALING WITH NATIONAL PROBLEMS

Capital and Labor

Vision, W. D. Howells; Israel Freyer's Bid for Gold, E. C. Stedman; The Wall Street Pit, The Leader of the People, Edwin Markham; The Symphony, Sidney Lanier; A Leaf from the Devil's Jest-Book, Edwin Markham; The Whisperers, R. W. Gilder; The Long Fight, Chas. E. Russell.

Politics

The New Politician, The Demagogue, R. W. Gilder.

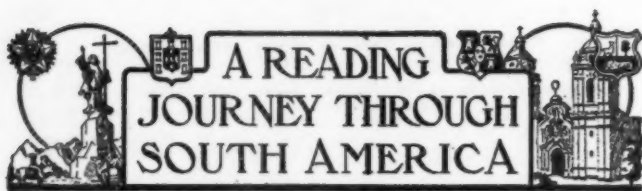
Immigration

The Unguarded Gates, T. B. Aldrich.

POEMS OF PATRIOTISM

Thou Mother with Thy Equal Brood, Thick Sprinkled Bunting, Walt Whitman; My Country, Homeward Bound, G. E. Woodberry; Fairest of Freedom's Daughters, J. E. Rankin; To a Writer of the Day, Langdon E. Mitchell; The Name of Old Glory, J. W. Riley; America, Arlo Bates; The Great Remembrancer, R. W. Gilder; The Eagle's Song, Richard Mansfield; Our National Banner, Dexter Smith; The Bartholdi Statue, J. G. Whittier; New National Hymn, F. Marion Crawford; A Toast to Our Native Land, Robert Bridges; National Song, Wm. H. Venable; Ad Patriam, Clinton Scollard; Unmanifest Destiny, Richard Hovey.





V. Uruguay, Paraguay, and Bolivia*

Harry Weston VanDyke†

URUGUAY

ONE of the first inquiries that engages the mind of the visitor to Uruguay and Argentina is why the great body of water that separates the two countries—apparently an arm of the sea—should not be called the Gulf of La Plata instead of the river of that name. After the briefest stay in this region of great cities, great productiveness and great opportunities, it will occur to him that dwellers among great things could be satisfied with nothing less than an estuary of the broad Atlantic to serve as a river for their capitals. If the Paraná and Uruguay, mighty rivers which rank in size immediately behind the Mississippi, had joined their floods some miles above Buenos Aires, instead of flowing separately into La Plata, a stream of unquestionable status might have satisfied their demands; but the God of Waters willed otherwise, evidently not anticipating the greatness of these people and their illimitable ambition.

The exact point at which La Plata river merges with

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A Reading Journey through South America began in the September, 1911, issue of THE CHAUTAUQUAN with an article on "Discovery and Conquest." This was followed in October by one entitled "Colonial Period and War of Independence." November held "Brazil" and December, "Argentina."

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the Atlantic is also a matter of speculation among geographers. For all practical purposes, however, Montevideo, the capital, metropolis and chief port of Uruguay, sits just beside this phenomenon. One can say, therefore, that the eastern side of the little peninsula on which the main city is built faces the ocean, while the southern and western fronts, bordering the bay of the actual port, look upon the river Plata.

Taking the night boat at Buenos Aires, one arrives in Montevideo in the early morning after a pleasant ride of just a hundred miles diagonally across the river, and is immediately impressed with the picturesqueness of El Cerro, (the hill) the name given to the ancient fortress that still seems to pose as the guardian of the entrance of the river. Much more important to-day, however, is the lighthouse that rises from this height. Entering the port the visitor comes upon a modern city of almost four hundred thousand inhabitants, possessed of all the attributes of the present-day metropolis; an adequate and up-to-date system of docks, fine business blocks, public buildings, plazas, boulevards and broad streets laid out on the checker-board scheme, sewer, water and lighting systems, and extensive and well managed electric tramway lines.

To the Buenos Airen, naturally enough, Montevideo is a second Brooklyn, for the "ferry" trip of a hundred miles is not incongruous where peoples think in superlatives. Here the Buenos Airen may come, after a period of consuming activity in his own more closely built city, for rest and soul expansion among the leisurely and dignified Montevideans, and, at the expense of his neighbor, even permits himself a bit of friendly chaff in which he ventures to use the word "soporific." The Montevidean by no means resents the imputation of drowsiness. There is no resentment because, although a restful atmosphere does pervade the city, there is not the slightest taint of stagnation. The Montevidean is conscious that his sturdy, vigorous and even bellicose race has built up a nation unique in South America in its promise



Legislative Palace, the seat of the National Congress, Montevideo



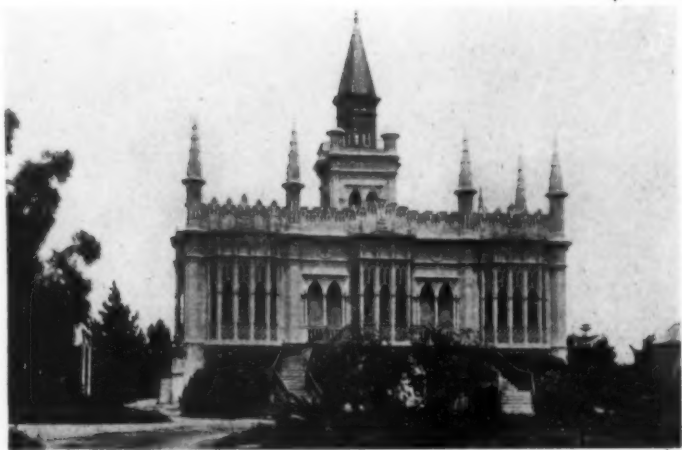
Cagancha Plaza, Montevideo, Uruguay



Solis Theater, Montevideo



Zabala Street, Montevideo, Uruguay



Quinta, or summer home in the suburbs of Montevideo, Uruguay



A Cart Track through the Woods
A large part of Paraguay is covered with this kind of woods



Street scene in a small town in the country



Country scene in Paraguay



View of Asunción and River Paraguay from roof of the Central
Railroad Station



Avenida España, Asunción



Government Palace, Asunción, Paraguay



Taking Yerba Maté, Paraguay



Girl in gala dress, Paraguay



Gathering coffee, Paraguay



Army Officers, Paraguay



View of Corocoro, Bolivia

of opportunity for material prosperity, that his country is the richest in the quality and varied productiveness of its soil of any on the continent, and that his city, housing a third of the country's population, is the pivot of the nation's astonishing commercial activity and one of the most healthful and delightful residence cities in the world.

Montevideo was founded in 1726, but remained a comparatively unimportant station until, some thirty years ago, when it began to imbibe the modernism of its big rivals in Brazil and Argentina. Today it is almost as cosmopolitan as Buenos Aires, the Italian element predominating among the foreigners, with the British preëminent as investors of capital, as in the latter city. To the superb Solis theater come all the European companies that appear in Buenos Aires; club life is best represented in the Club Uruguay and the English Club situated on opposite sides of the Plaza Matriz, and afternoon tea has come to be an important feature of the social life, several tea houses being now distributed over the leisure sections of the city.

The pride of the Montevidean is Prado Park. He has made of it one of the fairest gardens imaginable—its lakes and rolling lawns and great variety of trees and flowering bushes, its intersecting avenues of towering eucalyptus trees rivalling Japan's famous avenue of cryptomerias, at Nikko, all give pleasure to the city's thousands who, like Parisians, seek the country scenes for their holiday amusements. Driving along Agraciado Road and other plane-tree-shaded avenues the visitor reaches either of the pleasure suburbs of Colón or Pocitos. In these excursions he has an excellent opportunity to note the varied styles of architecture coming into vogue in the more progressive cities of South America; they range from the comfortable bungalow of the British residents, to that strange development of the old Spanish home (the *quinta*) in which the wealthy Spanish Americans love to house themselves on the outskirts of the cities—the type of summer home that now prevails throughout the

continent. Until recent years the Spanish house in town and country was bare and unlovely on the outside; its beauty and richness were confined to the interior surrounding of the patio, where, in feudal privacy, the family secluded itself. Today in the new era of civic pride and the freer association of society in the modern boulevard and café life, the adornment is extended to the outside, and the effort is made, by the addition of pinnacles and towers and much delicate tinting, to add to the attractiveness of the "city beautiful." In the business sections of the city, of course, the architecture now corresponds for the most part with the type seen in the great cities of Europe and North America.

In October, when the summer comes into these latitudes south of the Equator, the *quintas* assume a most entrancing aspect. Some of them, set in the midst of gardens many acres in extent, are veritable haunts of delight. Toll has been levied upon every resource to add to their charm. The gardens are enclosed within hedges that blaze with the color of the hedge-rose, honeysuckle, bougainvillea, wistaria and other creeping vines. Inside, forming a background, may be seen a goodly growth of ivy-covered oaks or chestnut trees. Within, nearer the fairy-like home, and in the randomness of perfect taste, are many flowering bushes and trees—lilacs mingling their scent with magnolia, orange, myrtle and mimosa—while the lawns are carpeted with a brilliant profusion of periwinkles, pansies, marigolds, arum lilies and carnations, the whole yielding up the delights of its ever-changing fragrance as the wondering guest wanders about in company with his courtly host and hostess.

In entire harmony with this perfection of nature is the beauty of the women. To the far-famed grace and natural Spanish stateliness of her sisters throughout South America, the Uruguayan *señorita* adds a freshness of complexion and sprightliness of temperament that go to make a most bewitching consummation of feminine charm. Her

praises are sung by all visitors; not less appreciative, her own kith and kin liken her, in their poetic way, to all pleasant things from a dove to the moon.

It is with genuine regret that the traveller leaves the hospitable capital for a trip through the country; but he will soon discover that the delightful climate (like that of Tennessee, but without the snows of winter) is characteristic of Uruguay as a whole. From the capital radiate some fifteen hundred miles of good railways penetrating Brazil at several points, and also tapping the commerce along the Uruguay river.

The country he will see is one great rolling pasture as large as all New England, and with occasional ridges of hills; none of these, however, exceeds two thousand feet in height. Until recently Uruguay was given over almost entirely to the raising of cattle and sheep; now it promises great strides in products of the soil. Indeed, it is the boast of the Uruguayan that not an acre of his country's 72,000 square miles of territory is unproductive. Here can be seen growing corn, wheat, and potatoes, and a great impetus has of late been given to viticulture,—and there is no fear of either drought or frost in any part of the republic. So far, however, only about three per cent of the territory is under cultivation in food stuffs. In 1909 Montevideo handled imports to the value of \$35,000,000 and exports amounting to \$32,000,000, while the ports of Rocha, Maldonado, Colonia, on the south coast, and Salto, Paysandú, Fray Bentos, Mercedes and others on the Uruguay, handled three millions more of imports and exports. Her production in cattle in that year amounted to 6,827,428, in sheep 16,608,717, and in pigs, horses, mules and goats 700,000.

At Fray Bentos, on the Uruguay river, the great Liebig Extract of Beef company has located its famous plant, and slaughters over three hundred thousand head of cattle in a year, and does an enormous business in extract of beef, canned meats, hides, tallow, hair, horn and other by-products.

A day's sojourn in the prosperous, if soup-laden, atmosphere, will give one a proper appreciation of the rest of the country, for nowhere has nature been more lavish with her favors, nowhere has she distributed more favorable conditions for life and national prosperity—everything man needs for food or clothing is here capable of being raised. Every section is reached by navigable rivers which also furnish abundant water for irrigation and mechanical purposes. The country being on a gold basis, its credit in the European money markets is excellent.

Uruguay, as one historian expresses it, has always been the cockpit of the southern half of the continent. From the time of the appearance of the first whites in the Plata region—Díaz de Solís in 1515, and ten years later Sébastien Cabot—down to the period of Hernández (Hernando Arias) and Garay, who, in about 1580, permanently established the power of Spain on the river Plate, the Spanish and Portuguese settlements on the Plate and Uruguay had to contend with the incessant hostilities of a race of Indians—the Charrúas, who next to the Araucanians of Chile, had the distinction of offering the most vigorous and successful opposition to the dominion of the Europeans in South America.

Throughout the colonial régime, Uruguay constituted the Eastern Border Province (Banda Oriental) of Spain's La Plata colony, and was the storm center of the Spanish and Portuguese strife for territorial control of this region. Following this period came the abortive invasion of the English in 1806, and, a few years later, the wars of independence. When Spanish rule came to an end in the Plata country, the Banda Oriental became the bone of contention between Brazil and the newly born state that is now Argentina—a veritable new world Flanders and the theater of many fierce battles. Brazil held the province from 1817 to 1829, and called it her Cis-platine Province. Finally, on May 1st, 1829, Uruguay achieved her independence and set

up a government of her own under the style of the Oriental Republic of Uruguay.

Small wonder, then, that the Uruguayans emerged from these three hundred years of turbulent character building into independence with a bellicose personality exactly suited to the Montague-and-Capulet existence that prevails in her politics between the *Blancos*, or reactionists, and the *Colorados* who now hold the political power and stand for progress. The forcefulness of the nation is now finding its expression in industrial and commercial enterprises and has made of her chief port a powerful commercial rival of the busy mart across the Plata.

PARAGUAY

Paraguay is in the longitudinal center of South America and, with the exception of Bolivia, is the only country on the continent that does not border on the sea. Next to Uruguay it is the smallest of the South American republics, possessing a territory of 196,000 square miles.

Until the break with Spain, in 1813, it was, like Uruguay, part and parcel of La Plata colony, under the jurisdiction of the Viceroy of Buenos Aires, and was known as the Province of Paraguay. As will be observed from a glance at the map, it is hedged in by Bolivia, Brazil and Argentina, and is separated from its twin sister, Uruguay, by an arm of the mother country (Misiones Territory) that reaches up into Brazil between the Paraná and Uruguay rivers.

With a climate similar to that of Southern California, Paraguay throughout its entire extent is blessed with abundant rain the year around; it is well watered and quite thickly wooded, and thus protected from the intense heat usual in low-lying tropical countries.

For a proper acquaintance with the country it must be conceived as a dual personality, for it is divided longitudinally by the river Paraguay into Western Paraguay, or the

Chaco, and Eastern Paraguay, or Paraguay proper. It is in the latter that the republic has its being and in which the visitor's interest is naturally centered. El Chaco is a vast, thickly wooded, and, for the most part, savage and unexplored region that was awarded to Paraguay by our President Hayes as arbitrator of its boundary dispute with Argentina; in gratitude the government named the chief settlement in the territory Villa Hayes. The Chaco is now given over almost wholly to the immigrant communities of Swiss, German, Italian and others which have been started on the west bank of the river, and to nomadic bands of still uncivilized Indians.

Eastern Paraguay resembles Uruguay in its rolling, fertile areas, but is more mountainous. On the northern frontier is the range known as the Quince Puntas. Enclosing the country on the east are the Cordilleras of Amambay and Mbaracayú, while down the center, from north to south, runs a broken series of lesser sierras and the range called Caaguazú, forming a ridge or backbone that subdivides this half of Paraguay into the two great basins drained by the Paraná river on the east and the Paraguay on the west.

Almost the whole of Paraguay proper has forests of valuable woods with occasional clear places where settlers have made serviceable the marvellous fertility and luxuriance of the soil. For centuries this region has been the barrier between the two distinct phases of Spanish civilization in South America—the golden empire of Peru and the agricultural colonies on the Plata and its tributaries—just as Uruguay has been the buffer state between the Portuguese and Spanish peoples. These phases have merged but little and today present a most interesting contrast.

From the time of Cabot's fortified settlement of Asunción (now the capital of Paraguay) at the junction of the Paraguay and Pilcomayo rivers, in 1536, whence his lieutenant, Domingo Irala, made his vain attempt to penetrate into Peru, down to the present, Paraguay has been isolated

to a considerable degree from the march of progress. The six hundred adventurers who followed the fortunes of Irala stayed on the land, intermarried with the Guarany Indians and bred the mixed race that is the foundation of the nation today; and the Indians developed along with the mestizos to a status unique in South America. Evading the abject slavery that decimated the aboriginal races throughout the rest of the continent under the Europeans, the Guaranies were taught the arts of the soil and war by the Jesuits, and during the hundred and fifty years of the latter's sway, achieved a stage of development corresponding to the peasantry of France.

The story of the Jesuit missions which occupied the Paraná basin, is an important part of Latin-American history. Early in its life, the Society of Jesus turned its attention to the evangelization of South America; it was the genius of its founder, Ignatius Loyola, that perfected the machine to accomplish this. In 1550 the Jesuit Fathers began their work on the Brazilian coast settlements, but were driven farther and farther inland by the Portuguese as it became apparent that their policy of education and uplift would put an end to the enslavement of the natives which was the basis of the economic scheme of the colonists. Eventually, in about 1586, the Jesuits entered the Paraguay region, won the confidence of the Guaranies and purposed to "reduce" the tribes of the whole Plata country. They met with the same opposition from the Spanish colonists and their stronghold became restricted to the secluded and isolated region mentioned—the Paraná basin and Misiones Territory of Argentina.

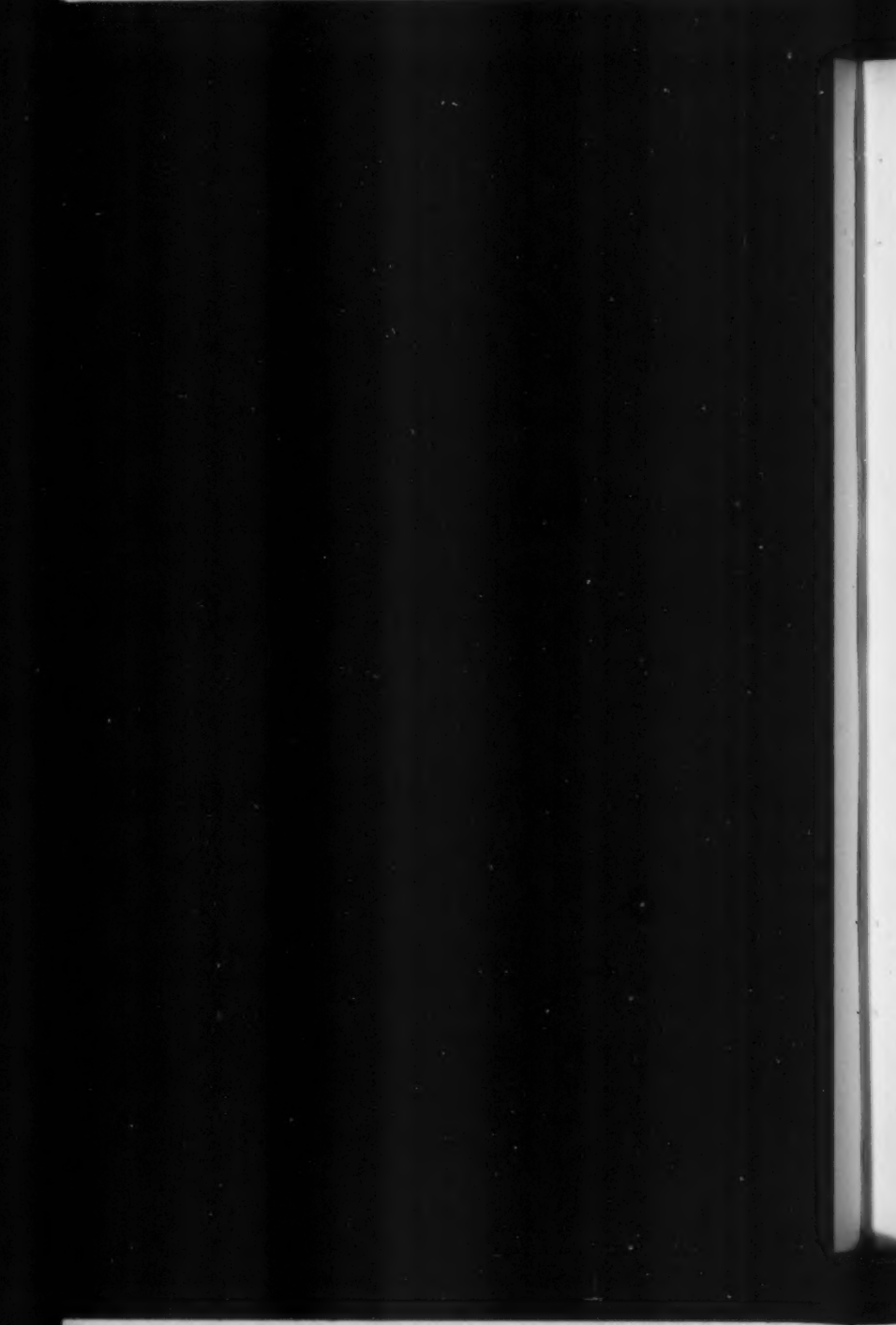
Here, for over a hundred years, under the protection of the official sanction won from the Spanish King Philip III, they worked among their proselytes; they learned and perfected the native dialects; taught the men to cultivate the soil, and the women to spin and weave cotton; induced them to clear the forests and to build and live in towns, and even

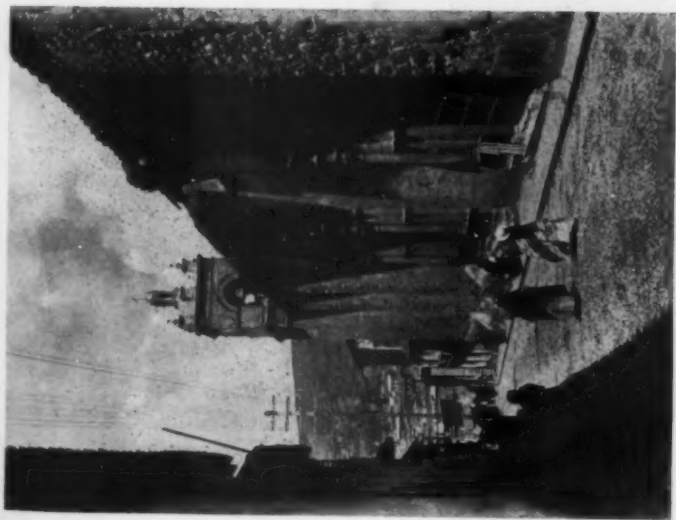
organized them into an effective militia, which more than once enabled them to preserve the integrity of the remarkable state—a state unique in a way, since it was practically under the direct control of the General of the Order at Rome, whilst within the territorial sovereignty of Spain. The “republic” lasted until 1769, when the famous decree of the King of Spain banished the Jesuits from all his dominions; but the effects of their presence are still noticeable throughout Paraguay and Misiones.

It is a matter of wonder to this day how the Jesuit Fathers, even taking into consideration their unquenchable zeal and marvellous energy and determination, ever succeeded in reaching this isolated territory and in traversing it in every direction, as they did, in pursuit of their campaign. Even today it is well nigh impossible to reach the heart of the region—the Great Cataract of Guayra, which, hundreds of miles from the habitations of man, in an isolation made almost impenetrable by jagged mountains, fiercely swirling waters and the wild tangle of underbrush that make headway through the awesome tropical forest very difficult, constitutes one of the most majestic of nature’s wonder-works in South America. Situated about a hundred miles up the Paraná river from the better known Iguazú falls, the Guayra cataract lies on the frontier with Brazil. A volume of water twice as large as that which thunders over Niagara is forced through a gorge two hundred feet wide from a stream two and a half miles in width. The roar of its plunge of fifty-six feet to the lower levels, adds the essential note to this tremendous symphony of primeval nature. Outside the Arctic regions, one writer proclaims, no part of the world is less accessible than the Paraná above the Great Cataract.

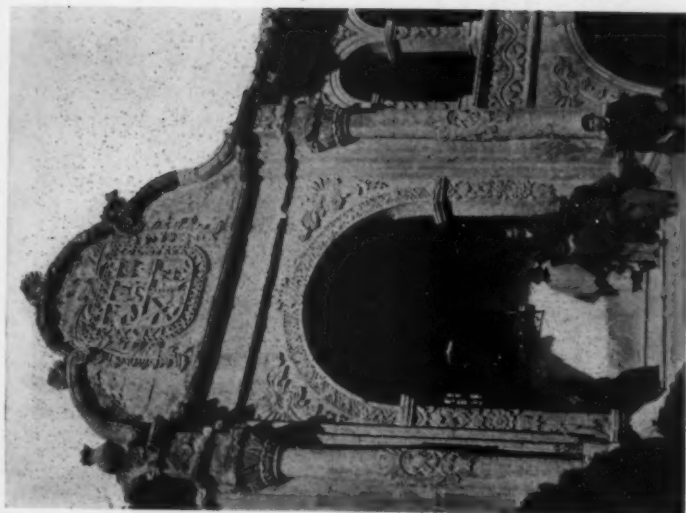
After the expulsion of the Jesuits the Paraná basin reverted to forest and the nation pursued its checkered career in the section drained by the Paraguay. This river intersects the republic from north to south and is navigable through its entire course by ocean steamers which pass up



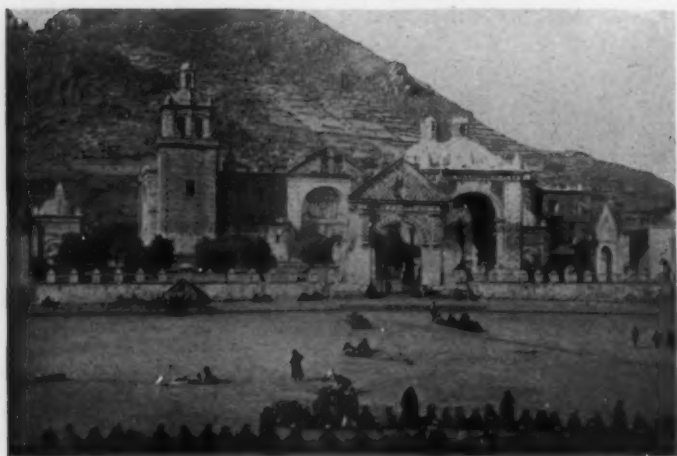




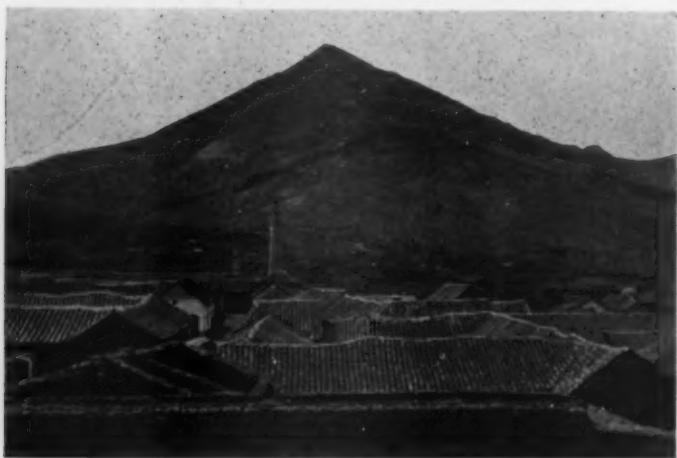
Church of the Conservidas at La Paz, Bolivia.



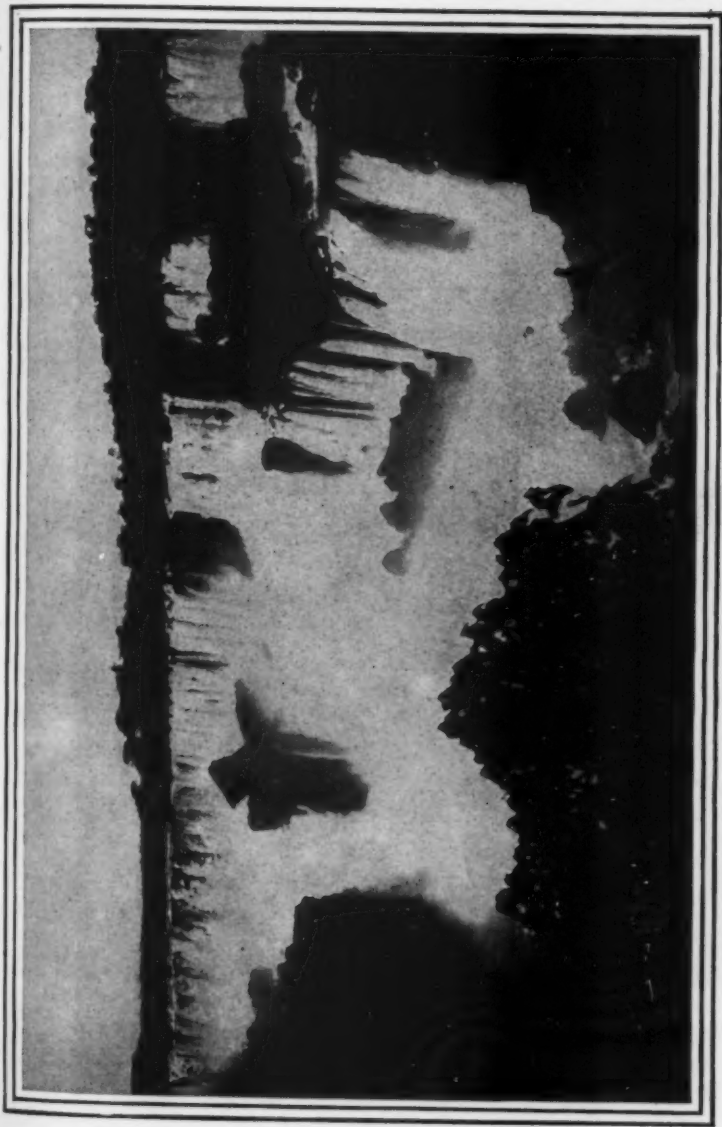
Old Spanish residence in La Paz, Bolivia



Shrine of Our Lady of Capacabana, on the Bolivian shores of
Lake Titicaca



View of the town and mountain of Potosí, Bolivia



Iguazú Falls at junction of Iguazú and Paraná rivers, where Brazil, Paraguay and Argentina meet.—Fifty feet higher and with a lateral extent 1250 feet greater than Niagara.



Mountain Scene in Bolivia





from Buenos Aires through the Paraná, and past Corrientes where the Paraná and Paraguay meet.

On the left bank of the Paraguay, at the point of its confluence with the equally great Pilcomayo, the traveller comes to the ancient city of Asunción, the capital of the country. Here was the seat of the colonial authority over Plata settlements until Buenos Aires grew into importance. It has a population of 52,000, and is now thriving and prosperous, rapidly taking on the cosmopolitanism that characterizes the other ports of South America. The capital, and indeed the whole country has but recently entered into a new life, a life as sharply contrasted with its period of political storm and stress as the transition was sudden. For, during the first sixty years of its freedom from Spain, the national life of Paraguay was stifled in the iron clutch of three remarkable men—Dr. Francia, his nephew, Carlos Lopez, and the latter's son, Francisco. Paraguay became a hermit republic under these narrow-minded despots and was effectively excluded from world progress until 1873, when the war of the Triple Alliance—Argentina, Brazil and Uruguay—was brought to a close with the extermination of Lopez II. Out of a population of 1,300,000 at the beginning of the war, but 221,000 souls were left in the entire country, and of these only 28,000 were men!

The city shows on its face the two phases—the modern business houses, residences and public service improvements of the new era, and the ruined districts and wrecks of cathedral, presidential palace and old public buildings that emphasize the lessons of the old. Today the visitor looks with a shudder at the ruins of the uncompleted mausoleum in which the last tyrant expected his remains to rest and at the two million dollar palace where, in rooms hung with rare laces and crimson satin, his orgies were held; he turns with relief toward the modernism now beginning to be apparent which proves the substantial worth of a people which can arise from such a past and prosper. They have been

severely tested for fitness to enjoy the fruits of their well-favored country. No nation in modern times has been subjected in its youth to such a blight. But it has emerged well-tempered to meet and fully respond to the demands the great potential wealth of its soil will make on the national character.

The republic—no longer in name only—is governed under an enlightened constitution modeled after our own. The present administration has opened wide the doors to immigration and foreign capital, and the artificial barrier erected by her political system of the nineteenth century no longer exists as the complement to the natural barriers that have stood for four centuries between the northern and southern countries of South America.

He who may be so fortunate as to obtain control of Paraguay's highways, the Paraguay and Pilcomayo, and supplement them by extending its 155 miles of railway into a system that will develop the vast agricultural and mineral empire of central and southern Brazil and Bolivia, and carry the produce to the Argentina seaboard, will gain a prize unequalled in the railroad world, and make of Paraguay a country of first importance on the continent.

Throughout the country the forests are being cleared to make room for *potreros* (cattle ranches) and the growing agricultural industries. *Yerbales* are coming more and more under the scientific culture which greatly enhances the value of the country's famous product, *yerba maté* or Paraguay tea.

BOLIVIA

In the heart of the continent a vast table of land as large as all our Middle States has been tossed into the air to a height of fourteen thousand feet. The surface in many places is deeply encrusted with salt suggesting the upheaval of a great mediterranean sea and a spilling of its waters in torrential rivers over the succession of terraced slopes that finally break off abruptly and merge in the summer valleys

of Brazil and Paraguay; for from these heights may be seen innumerable streams shimmering off toward the distant Amazon. This plateau is the center of Bolivia's life today and the cradle of the successive aboriginal civilizations that culminated in the Inca empire.

It is the highest inhabited land on the face of the earth with the possible exception of Thibet. The great ranges which stretch north to the Carribean and south to Cape Horn are mere arms of this massive elevation. The Bolivian plateau is hemmed in by the main Cordillera (or ridge) of the Andes on the west (or Cordillera de la Costa—the Andes proper) and the Cordillera Real (Royal) on the east, and is intersected in various directions by spurs from these ranges, the whole producing a topography of a grandeur that makes all attempts at description pitifully inadequate. The majestic snow-clad peaks of Guallatiri and Miniquis in the Andes proper, and Illampú (Sorata), Illimani, Chachacomani and Karkaake in the Cordillera Real rise to a height of over 22,000 feet, while a dozen more in both ranges exceed 20,000.

On the western border of the plateau, along the Peruvian frontier lies Lake Titicaca, unique also in that it is the highest navigated body of water on the globe. It is 160 miles long by 30 wide and is fed by the melting Andean snows. Here it was that the first Inca, Manco Capac, emerged from the prehistoric civilization of the Piruas, those builders of cyclopean temples and palaces, the ruins of which about Tiahuanacu and Cuzco (in Peru) are the delight of the antiquarian.

The evidences at every hand of nature's most tremendous activities must have left its impress on the races that had their being on this plateau. The gigantic relics which are now the enduring monuments of these peoples are proof of the bigness of their point of view. They saw largely and the range of their vision embraced great distances, great altitudes and great depths. The race now dominating this

Andean massif has in its veins the blood of both the intrepid *conquistadores* who forced their way in with Pizarro and of the vigorous Inca stock, and it is in the nature of things that the present-day Bolivian, now that his republicanism is digested after a century of turbulent assimilation, will make great strides in industrial progress in justification of the spirit that is his birthright.

In this altitude, so high that most foreigners sicken from its effects, the Bolivians have built their capital and chief cities and here are the centers of their national life. Here the first blow was struck against the oppression of Spain, and in the mountain defiles of the Peruvian Andes leading down to the Pacific coast the last shot was fired that drove the viceregal army to its transports.

With the departure of the Spanish came the establishment, in 1825, of the Republic of Bolivia, the name given to the old Buenos Aires province of Alto-Peru by its first president, (Bolívar's famous lieutenant, General Sucre) in honor of his chief.

Bolivia is fourth in size among the South American republics; it covers 708,195 square miles and could include within its limits the combined areas of California, Nevada, Utah, Idaho, Arizona, Oregon and Washington. The republic lies wholly within the torrid zone, but the gradation of its topography extends from the *yungas* ("hot valleys") at the border of the Amazon basin and the *valles*, ranging from four to ten thousand feet, to the *punas*, or lands of perpetual snow, so that animal and vegetable life of every clime is represented within its jurisdiction—from the brilliantly colored flamingo of the Amazon plains to the dread condor of the Andes, from the rubber tree through all stages of plant life to the point at which vegetation vanishes in the Arctic cold of the great Andean peaks.

Of course the most direct route from New York to Bolivia's capital and chief cities is by rail from either of the Pacific ports of Mollendo, in Peru, or Arica or Antofagasta,

in Chile. The quick change of view from the arid coast to the grandeur of Andean mountain scenery, and the familiar comforts of railway travel incline most visitors to the approach from the west coast. But as the greater part of Bolivia's territory is that which falls away from the plateau like a lady's train northward and eastward to the frontiers of Brazil and Paraguay, a more comprehensive and impressive acquaintance with the country can be had by entering either from the north, via the Amazon and Madeira rivers to Villa Bella on the Brazilian frontier, and thence over a thousand miles on horseback to La Paz, or from the east, starting from our last resting place at Asunción in Paraguay. From Asunción one travels up the Paraguay river to Corumbá in Brazil, thence, by a small affluent to Puerto Suárez, eighty-one miles distant on the frontier, thence by a zig-zag course of eight hundred miles up the rising elevation to Santa Cruz, a thriving city of 20,000 population, and thence to Cochabamba, still larger and 8,000 feet in altitude. From here a stage line carries the traveller over 110 miles of mountainous country to Oruro, where connection is made with the Antofagasta railway to La Paz.

The approach from the east or north richly repays the visitor for the hardships of the route. The noted naturalist D'Aubigny says of the *yungas* region, through which he first makes his way on leaving the Paraguay: "If tradition has lost the records of the place where Paradise is situated, the traveller who visits these regions of Bolivia feels at once the impulse to exclaim, 'Here is the lost Eden'."

Leaving the dense and weirdly impressive tropical forests of the hinterland, the rolling areas of the *yungas* ascend towards the plateau—a succession of vast gardens at first delicately scented and brilliant with color. As the country is coming more under cultivation each year the traveller's eye rests frequently upon plantations of coffee, cacao and coca, the plant from which we get cocaine. The coca leaf is highly prized by the native as a stimulant; he chews

it as a Northerner would chew tobacco but with a better excuse, since by its use he can perform great feats of endurance and go many hours without food. With his pouch filled with coca leaves and a small supply of parched Indian corn he can run fifty miles a day, for these fleet-footed Indians constitute the telegraph system of this region. The output of the *cocales*, or coca plantations, was nearly nine million pounds last year.

This is also the home of the highly nutritious if impossibly named *jamacch'ppeke* plant which when dried and powdered and mixed with water produces a delicately flavored milk much used in hospitals and even for babies. Higher up in the *valle* zone wheat and corn fields may be seen as well as the famous *cincona* tree, so named because, in 1638, the Condessa de Chinchon (wife of the Peruvian Viceroy) wrote of her wonderful cure from malaria by an Indian draught prepared from the bark of this tree. It has been known since as cinchona or Peruvian bark, but it was not until 1820 that the French chemist, Pelletier, extracted from the tree the calisaya or quinine with which we are now familiar, and which, by the way, is the only natural specific yet discovered for disease.

On these slopes also grows the new substitute for wheat, *quinua*, a grain more nutritious and more cheaply produced than its northern prototype, the delicious *camote*, a delicately flavored type of sweet potato, the *palta*, known in Cuba and Mexico as the *aguacate* and in Florida as the alligator pear, which makes the richest salad imaginable, and all variations of the sweet, pulpy fruits like the pomegranate, *granadilla*, *capote*, etc. This is also the home of the nutmeg, olive, and castor bean, and of sugar, cotton, oranges, camphor, cinnamon, vanilla, saffron, indigo and ginger.

The Indians of this belt are the most artistic leather workers in the world, and beautiful ponchos woven from native silk are eagerly sought by all visitors.

Leaving the richly endowed agricultural region for

the still richer location of Bolivia's mineral wealth, the traveller ascends to the great plateau on which the capital and important cities are built. At Potosí one is in the heart of the great silver country. From one mountain, the Cerro Potosí, over four billion dollars worth of silver have been taken since its discovery in 1545. The luxury and almost unbelievable extravagance told of in the annals of this city have given it a world-wide fame. Its principal building, the mint, cost the then unprecedented sum of two million dollars, an expenditure that brought many qualms to the miserly ascetic, Philip II, who would have preferred to pour the flood of wealth into the coffers of the church. The author of *Don Quixote* refers to Potosí as the synonym for fabulous wealth, and there is hardly a writer of the early days of the colony who did not mention the silver mountain to illustrate the idea of lavish abundance.

Bolivia's marvellous wealth in tin is unexcelled even in the Malay Peninsular. Already one of the chief centers of the tin industry, this metal promises to bring to the twentieth century Bolivia as much commercial fame as the gold mines brought Alto-Peru in the sixteenth century. Copper, iron, lead and bismuth, as well as topazes, emeralds, opals, jasper and marble are also present in large quantities throughout the plateau.

Descending from Potosí, which is at an altitude of 15,380 feet, one should visit the white city of Sucre before proceeding to the present seat of government, La Paz. In Bolivia Sucre's name is as omnipresent as Bolívar's in Venezuela, and most naturally the name of the chief city of the infant republic, Charcas, was changed to Sucre to honor the hero of Ayacucho when he became its first president. Sucre is ancient, kindly and romantically beautiful in its setting on the eastern slope of the Royal Range. It is the seat of the Supreme Court, the archiepiscopal see and the university of San Francisco Xavier, and the home of many of Bolivia's aristocratic old families. So far modernism

has had only a beneficent influence on the city; its public works have made it healthful and comfortable, but its stately old homes and public buildings preserve their peculiar charm unaltered to suit the modern taste in architecture.

Farther north and not yet connected with Sucre by rail, lies La Paz, the City of Peace, among the highest peaks of the Cordillera Real. Like its predecessor as the seat of government (Sucre), it was rechristened when the Spanish régime ended. When the *conquistadores* exterminated the Incas resident on its site and built the present city, for some occult reason they named it Nuestra Señora de la Paz. Our Lady of Peace clung to the name no doubt with grim humor until the decisive revolutionary battle of Ayacucho brought a more effective peace from Spanish oppression and today La Paz de Ayacucho is the official name of the seat of government.

Backed by the giant peak Illimani which rises to a height of 22,500 feet, La Paz itself is built on a spur of the range at an elevation of 12,300 feet. The streets are a series of rather steep ascents—admirable for drainage no doubt, but affording little pleasure to the visitor who is fond of walking, for the great altitude makes exercise difficult for the new comer. Many level places, however, are laid off in beautiful parks and here the Paceyño brings his guests for the delightful social intercourse that makes La Paz memorable to the visitor.

Of the seventy thousand inhabitants but a thousand are foreigners. As soon as the railways now projected to radiate from this center are completed the city will be thrown open to all the bustle of cosmopolitanism and remove much of the charm now given to it by the old Spanish dignity and courtliness. But the nation as a whole will profit vastly by the change. The development of its agriculture and mineral wealth should multiply its population of 2,500,000 by ten, and make of the country a Mecca for the tourist in search of nature's beauties and wonders.

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PRONOUNCING VOCABULARY

Agraciado	Ah-grah-see-ah'-doh	Hernando Arias	Ayr-nahn-doh Ah-ree'-ahs
aguate	Ah-gwa-kah'-tay	Illampu'	Ee-yahm-poo'
Alto-Peru	Ahl'-toh Pay-roo'	Illimani	Ee-yee-mah'-nee
Amambay	Ah-mahm-bay'	Iguazu	Ee-gwa-zoo'
Antofagasta	Ahn-toh-fah-gahs'-tah	jamach'-ppeke	zha-mahch-pay'-kay
Arica	Ah-ree'-kah	Karkaake	Kahr-kah'-kay
Banda Oriental	Bahn'-dah Oh-ree-ayn-tahl'	Madeira	Mah-day'-ee-rah
Bolivar	Boh-lee'-vahr	Maldonado	Mahl-doh-nah'-doh
Canguazú	Kah-gwa-zoo'	Manco Capac	Mahn'-koh Kah-pahk'
calisaya	Kah-lee-sah'-yah	Mbaracayú	Em-bah-rah-cah-ee-oo'
camote	kah-moh'-tay	Mercedes	Mayr-sayd'-ays
Chachacomani	Chah-chah-koh-mah'-nee	Miniquis	Mee-nee'-kees
Charruas	Chahr-ruh'-ahs	Misiones	Mee-see-oh'-nays
cincona	seen-koh'-nah	Mollendo	Moh-yayn'-doh
coca	Koh'-kah	Montevideo	Mohn-tay-vee'-day-oh
cocales	Koh-kah'-lays	Nuestra Señora de la Paz	Noo-ayr'-trah Savn-yoh'-rah day lah Pahs
Cochabamba	Koh-chah-bahm'-bah	Oruro	Oh-roo'-roh
colonia	Koh-loh'-nee-yah	palta	pahl'-tah
Condessa de Chinchon	Kohn-days'-sah day Cheen-chohn'	Pilcomayo	Peel-koh-mah'-ee-yoh
capote	Kah-poh'-tay	Plaza	Plah'-tah
Cordillera de la Costa	Kohr-dee-yay'-rah day lah Kohs'-tah	Plaza Matriz	Plah-zah Mah-trees'
Cordillera Real	Kohr-dee-yay'-rah Ray-ahl'	Pocitos	Poh-see'-tohs
Corrientes	Kohr-ree-ayn'-tays	potreros	poh-tray'-rohs
Corumbá	Koh-room-bah'	Prado	Prah'-doh
Díaz de Solís	Dee'-ahs day Soh-lees'	Puerto Suarez	Poo-ayr'-toh Soo-ah'-rays
El Cerro	Ayl Sayr'-roh	punas	puhn'-ahs
El Chaco	Ayl Chah'-koh	quinta	keen'-tah
Francia	Frahn'-see-ah	quinua	kee-noo'-ah
Fray Bentos	Frah'-ee Bayn'-tohs	Quinze Puntas	Keen'-say Poon'-tahs
Garay	Gah-ray'	Rocha	Roh'-chah
granadilla	grah-nah-dee'-yah	Salto	Sahl'-toh
Guallatiri	Gwal-lah-ree'-ree	San Francisco Xavier	Sahn Frahn-sees'-koh
Guayra	Gwa'-ee-rah	Sorata	Hah-vee'-ayr
Hernandarias	Ayr-nahn-dah-ree'-ahs	valles	Soh-rah'-tah
		Villa Bella	vah'-yays
		yerbales	Vee'-yah Bay'-yah
		yungas	yayr-bah'-lays
			yoon'-gahs



V. Compressed Air*

Carl S. Dow

THE engineer in his work of *applying the forces and materials of nature for the use of man* burns millions of tons of coal to get its heat energy, utilizes the power in great waterfalls, and fashions iron and steel into machines and tools as delicate as a watch or as big and powerful as the engines of the "Olympic." But his duties do not end with getting power into condition for use, he must transmit and deliver it to the point where it is to do useful work.

Good engineering demands that the energy which has cost so much in labor and material shall not be frittered away in transmission. American engineering is admittedly more wasteful than European engineering, or at least has been in the past. Wastefulness is a natural result of the abundant resources of this country, resources unsurpassed in any civilized section of the globe. But the American engineer, with greater industrial demands continually staring him in the face, has taken up the study of economy of power transmission as well as conservation of natural resources.

It should be understood at the outset that compressed air, like electricity, is used mainly for power transmission; it is not a source of power, as is coal. The only energy

*Previous instalments of this series are "Engineers and Engineering" in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for September, 1911; "The Steam Engine," October, 1911; "Heating Houses and Public Buildings," November, 1911; "Mechanical Refrigeration," December, 1911.

that can be gotten from compressed air is that put into it by the machine used for compressing it. This then is how engineers use compressed air: they compress it into small volume, under a pressure of 30 to 150 pounds per square inch, and conduct it to the point where it is to be used. When the small volume expands, it will do nearly as much work as was put into it.

Compressed air is adapted to certain classes of power transmission, for other conditions it will not do at all. Long distances are better cared for by electricity—very short distances by belts, or gears, or the rope drive. In some fields, compressed air is almost without competition. The deafening metallic tapping of compressed-air hammers, chisels, and riveters in machine shops, boiler shops, and on the steel construction of buildings are noisy evidence of the extensive use of these small but powerful labor-saving tools.

Compressed air is also the invisible force which shoots the carriers through the tubes of pneumatic cash systems in large stores, offices and factories, taking the place of the loitering messenger boy who keeps everybody waiting. In some of these systems, a continuous current of air flows through the tube, while in others the air moves only while the carrier is in transit.

The paint brush and whitewash brush have in many cases been supplanted by air under pressure. Railway cars especially are painted and varnished by directing a current of air, which has atomized the paint, against the surface to be coated. A more common sight is the spraying of trees—a process in which compressed air is the chief means of dealing destruction to various insect pests and the fruit-destroying scale.

Other uses for compressed air might be discussed almost indefinitely, but it will suffice to mention the burning of crude oil in locomotive practice and aboard ship. The petroleum, sprayed into the furnace beneath the boiler, gives an intense heat of combustion which is easily controlled.

THE AIR BRAKE

One of the contributions from the engineer to civilization is the railway train which has met fairly well the demands for increased speed; but the speeds now attained either for passenger travel or freight service have been made possible by efficient, reliable braking devices. The brake is necessary in making stops as well as for the control of the train. Just think of the time wasted if trains had to come to a stop themselves. Imagine if you can all trains creeping along, not one daring to get up speed for fear it would not stop at the next station.

Without a brake, no train would be under control on a down grade. It is quite apparent that the longer the train, and the heavier the cars, and the higher the speed, the greater the retarding effect must be.

In general it may be said that all resistance to motion is caused by friction. This fact points the way to stop steam and electric trains—by holding a block, called a brake shoe, against the tread of the wheel, with pressure enough to cause the necessary friction. Of all the retarding devices tried out the air brake is the only one which meets the requirements.

About forty years ago, this apparatus was introduced in crude form by George Westinghouse. The first device was what is now known as the "straight air" brake because it was not automatic. When the engineer wished to stop a train he opened a valve which allowed compressed air to flow directly into a brake cylinder to push a piston attached to a system of levers which, by drawing the brake shoes against the treads of the wheels brought the train to a standstill. The only way this apparatus could be worked was by means of the engineer's valve—if the train "broke in two" the rear half became unmanageable for the engineer could stop only those cars which were attached to the engine. Another defect for a long train was the setting of the brakes hard

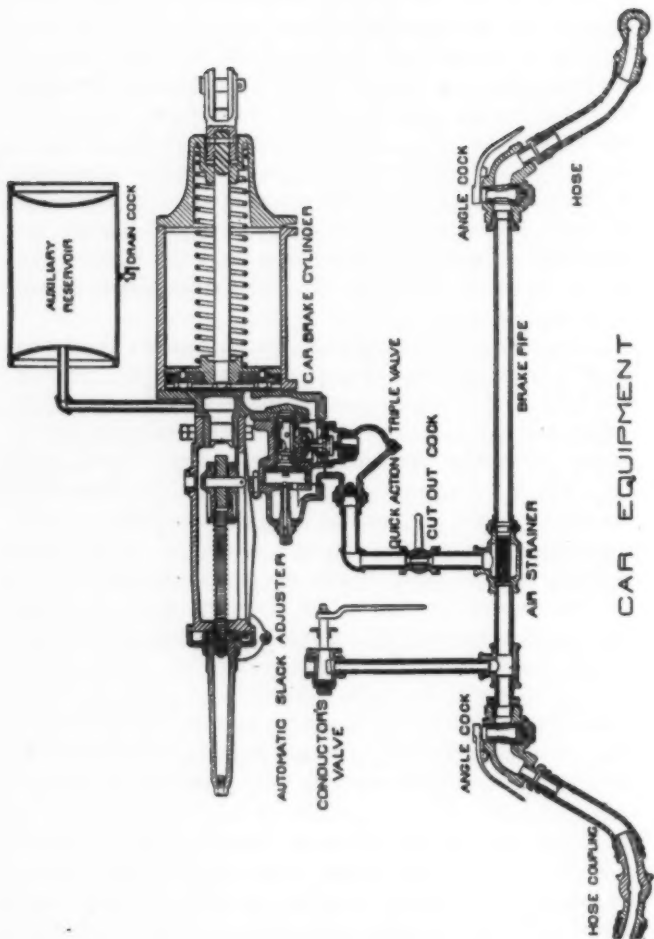
on the first cars before the compressed air could reach those in the rear, causing jolting.

The air brakes now used are automatic. This does not mean that they stop trains without human effort or direction, but it does mean that if the train "breaks in two" the brakes will set automatically. Another emergency feature in each car is the conductor's valve which enables the conductor or trainman to apply the brakes if necessary. The automatic air brake has a further advantage over the straight air brake: the automatic is quicker in action—the engineer can set the brakes on each car of a long train almost simultaneously.

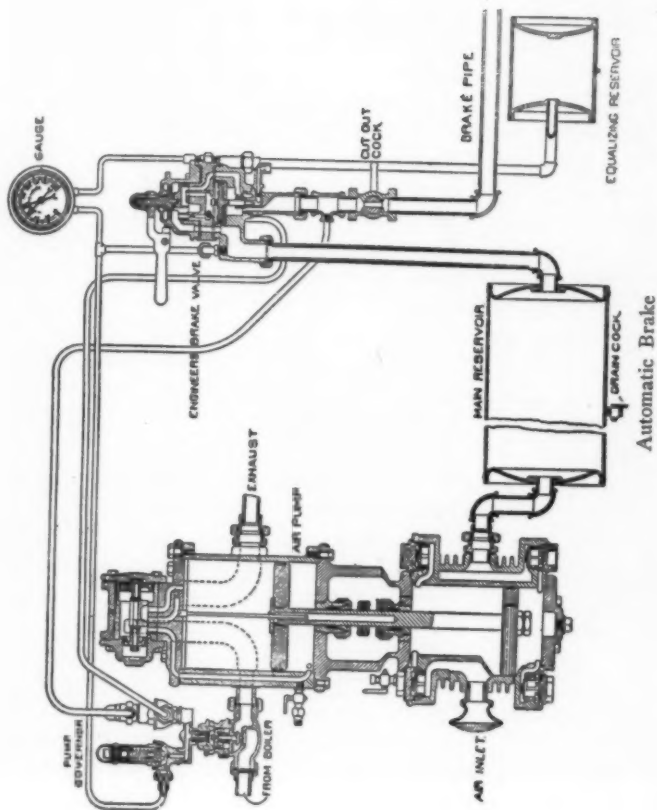
The air brake apparatus or system consists chiefly of an air compressor on the engine, a valve in the cab for operating, a train pipe connected by flexible hose at each end of a car, a main reservoir for storing compressed air on the locomotive, and auxiliary reservoirs beneath each car. The air compressor is in plain sight and looks like two small barrels; its familiar chug chug is almost always heard when a train is stopping at a station, for at this time the compressed air used in making a stop is replenished.

The engineer first starts the air pump, which is steam driven, and when the pressure in the main reservoir is great enough, usually ninety pounds per square inch, he "charges" the train by opening a valve which allows compressed air to flow through the train pipe and fill the auxiliary reservoirs. The pressures in the train pipe and auxiliary reservoirs are equal, and this pressure is usually seventy pounds per square inch.

When the engineer wishes to stop the train or retard its speed, he places the handle of his valve in such a position, called the "service" position, that some of the compressed air in the train pipe will escape into the atmosphere. This reduces the pressure in the train pipe about twenty pounds, and makes the same reduction in pressure in the small chamber in which is the triple valve. Because of this



CAR EQUIPMENT



Automatic Brake

reduction in pressure, the compressed air pushes the triple valve so that it uncovers an opening which permits the air in the auxiliary reservoir to flow into the brake cylinder. Here the compressed air pushes a piston whose movement, acting through a system of levers, applies the brakes.

The brakes are now set against the wheels; but how are they released? The engineer moves the handle of his valve into another position, called "release," which allows compressed air at full pressure to enter the train pipe and in turn flow into the small chamber with the triple valve. As the pressure is then greater than in the auxiliary reservoir, it pushes the triple valve into its original position, opening communication from the brake pipe to the auxiliary reservoir which recharges it. The movement of the triple valve also lets compressed air flow out of the brake cylinder so that the piston will be free to move. A strong spring moves the piston to its former position and releases the brakes just as soon as the compressed air leaves the brake cylinder.

Such in brief is the action of the powerful brake which in an "emergency" stops a "flyer" so quickly that every passenger is thrown violently forward, yet this same apparatus when worked for "service" application stops the train so gradually that one hardly knows when it ceases to move.

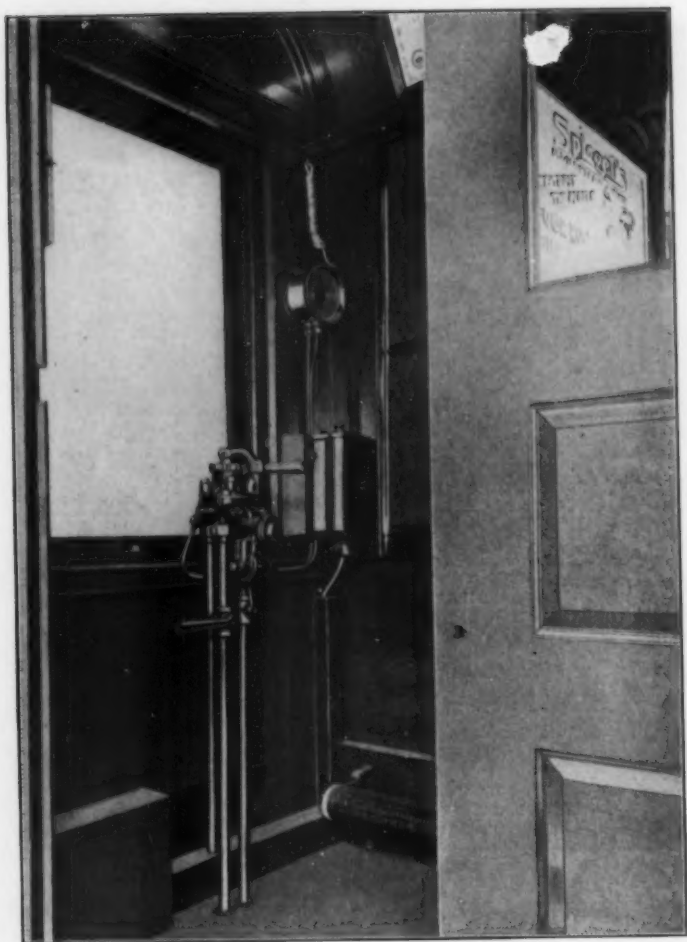
Of course there are other parts. The governor automatically sets the air pump going when the pressure falls in the main reservoir, and stops it only when the ninety pounds is again reached. A duplex air gauge shows the engineer the pressure in the main reservoir by a red hand or pointer and also the pressure in the train pipe by a black hand.

MINING

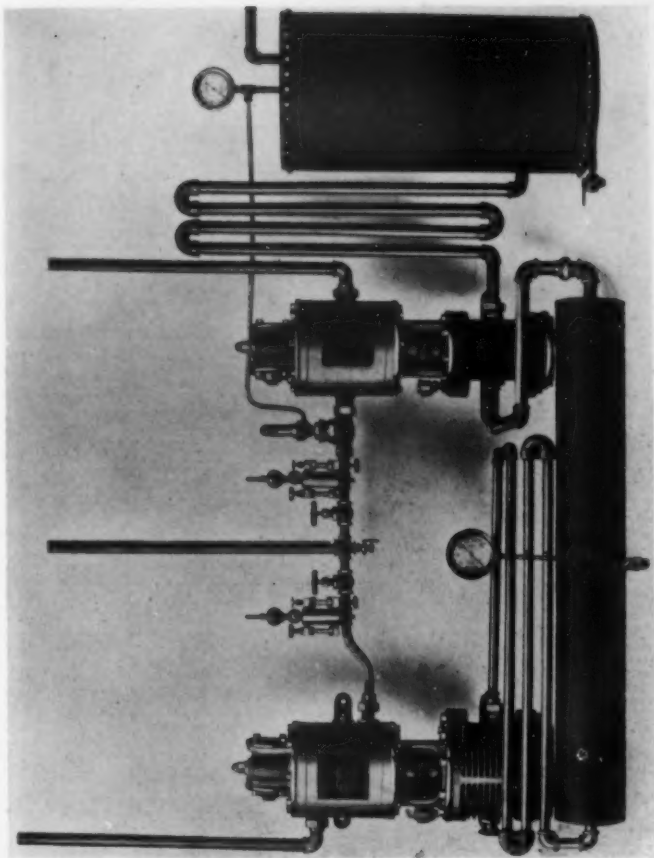
In mining, quarrying, and tunnelling, compressed air operates rock drills, coal-cutting machines, mine locomotives and other power-driven machinery. The air exhausted



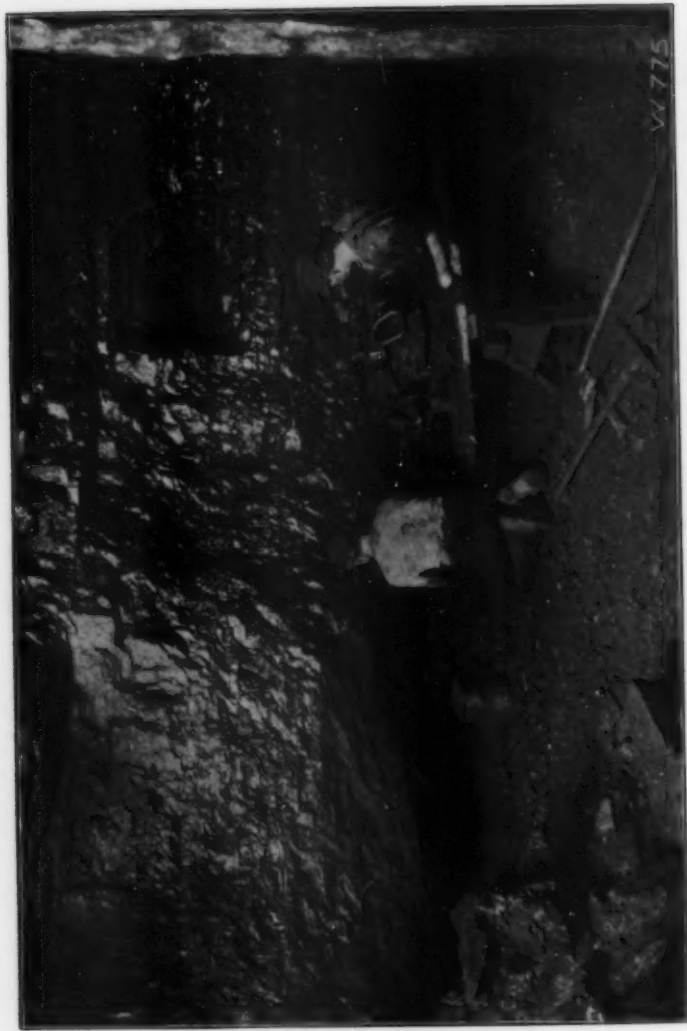
George Westinghouse
Inventor of the Air Brake



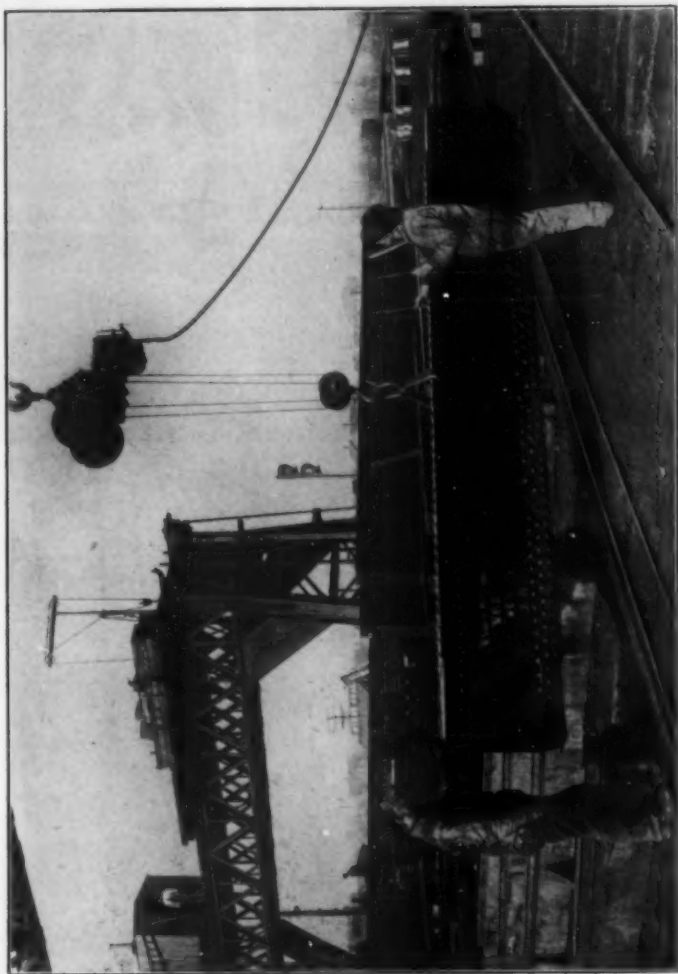
Automatic Air Brake Cab Equipment
(As installed on the South Side Elevated Railway of Chicago)



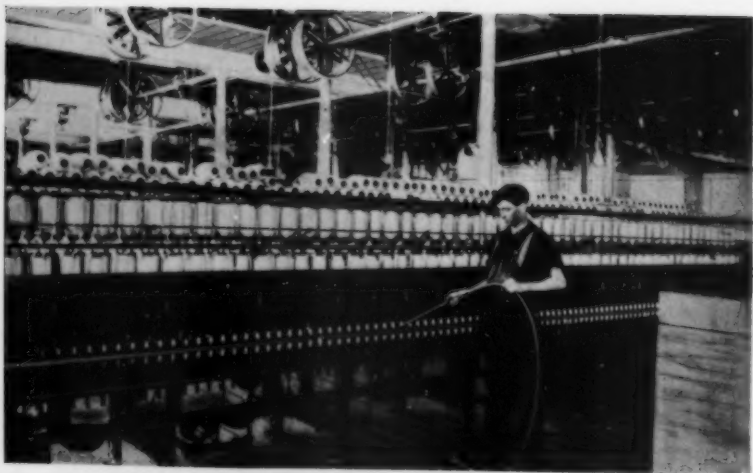
Two Westinghouse Air Compressors in Series.



Sullivan Compressed Air Pick Machine in the Mines of the Lumaghi Coal Company, Collinsville, Illinois



Imperial Motor Hoist on Structural Work Lifting Girder



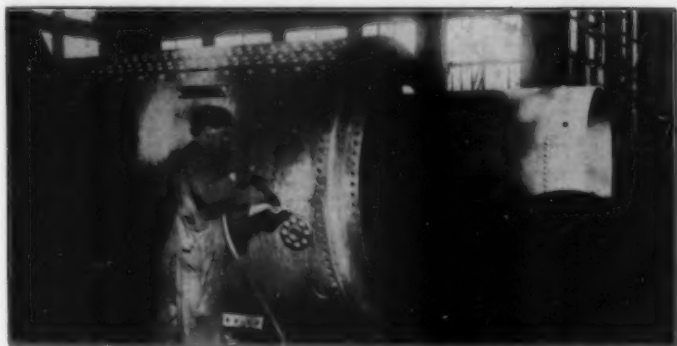
Cleaning Looms while in Operation, by means of Compressed Air
furnished by Westinghouse Compressors



Cleaning Spinning Machinery by Compressed Air



Compressed Air Hammer Riveting on Tank Work



Calking Boiler Joints by Compressed Air. Robb Engineering Co.



Ingersoll-Rand Compressed Air Drill in the Pennsylvania Tunnel
under the East River





from the machines adds to the supply of fresh air for the mine worker. For this reason and also because of the smaller power loss, compressed air is preferable to steam. The lessened danger to the operator from fire caused from explosion or by short circuits makes air preferable to electricity, but it is more wasteful in transmission.

The principal use for compressed air in mines is in the pick machines or coal punchers, which take the place of hand picks with which miners undercut the coal so that it can fall properly when dislodged by the explosion of gun-powder. Formerly, the miner, in an uncomfortable position on his side, perhaps in a pool of water, slowly cut away the coal at the bottom of the seam making a V-shaped opening. Now he sits comfortably on an inclined board directing the blows of the pick machine which loosens the coal with great rapidity. A pick machine will cut out about 50 to 75 tons per day of eight hours, while a man working with a hand pick will produce only about four to five tons in the same time.

The increased output of coal derived from the use of such a machine has made it possible to develop mining properties more rapidly and more economically and has enabled the increased production to keep pace with the increased demands.

The compressed air pick machine receives air at from sixty to eighty pounds pressure per square inch. By means of a valve, the air acts on either side of a piston impelling it back and forth in its cylinder in a manner similar to the movement of the piston in a steam engine cylinder. To this piston is fastened the pick. The supply of compressed air is conducted from an air compressor in the power plant on the surface to the pick machine by means of a hose, flexible at the pick end.

One of the latest developments in pick machines is the combination of electricity and compressed air. The power from the plant on the surface is transmitted by elec-

tricity, the most economical method known, and operates a small motor on the pick machine. The motor compresses air to drive the pick. In this way, the losses of compressed air transmission are largely eliminated, because the air is compressed just when wanted and no appreciable time elapses before it is used, yet the blow of the pick is struck by compressed air, a desirable feature since miners think the blow is the most satisfactory way of under-cutting coal.

Another use for compressed air in mines is the pneumatic locomotive which has almost entirely superseded the old-fashioned, clumsy car drawn by a mule. The pneumatic locomotive is exceedingly simple compared with the steam locomotive. A stationary air compressor supplies air at high pressure for charging the large reservoir on the locomotive. This air is used in a cylinder in much the same way that steam is used. The pneumatic locomotive does not of itself replenish its pressure for it carries no air compressor, but it will haul cars until the pressure gets quite low at which time the reservoir is recharged at some station in the mine.

REFRIGERATION

There are a few uses for compressed air which cannot well be considered under the head of transmission. Drinking water may be cooled, perishable foods preserved, and ice made by a machine which compresses air to about 225 pounds pressure. In other words, compressed air takes the place of ammonia in the refrigerating machinery on board ship, for dangerous gases must be avoided as much as possible. But this machine is bulky—the compression cylinder is about twenty times as large as the ammonia cylinder, and the process is not efficient. Air is compressed in a cylinder the piston of which is driven by the power developed in a steam cylinder. The air, which always becomes hot during compression, is then cooled to

about its original temperature. To get it cold enough to do refrigerating duty, it is then used in a cylinder in the same way that steam would be used—that is, the air pushes a piston which helps in the compression of air. In doing work, the air is cooled according to the well-known principle that air becomes cooler when it expands doing work; the converse of its becoming heated when it is compressed. The air at low temperature then cools the refrigerator or makes ice as the case may be.

BLAST

Among engineers, air is compressed air when it has a pressure of over thirty pounds per square inch. Strictly speaking it is compressed air if its pressure is but one ounce; air under such slight pressure is usually referred to as air of "increased density." Compressed slightly, air is very useful as "blast" in industrial furnaces. In other words, air compressed in a pump or compressor is used, or atmospheric air is forced so rapidly into a furnace that the resistance of the fuel bed causes it to have greater density.

The highest "blast" pressure is probably that used in the huge blast furnaces in which iron ore is converted into iron, called pig iron. The air is compressed to about twenty pounds per square inch in enormous air compressors called blowing tubs. It is piped to the base of these furnaces and provides the oxygen for combustion, and supplies it with pressure enough to force it into the fuel bed which is very thick and therefore heavy.

In the manufacture of water gas which is so extensively used for domestic purposes especially in large cities, the air blast plays an important part. The pressure is much lower than for the blast furnace, seldom exceeding a pound or a pound and a half because the furnace or generator is much smaller. During the "blowing" period, the coal is heated very hot and then the blast is shut off and steam

is blown through the incandescent fuel, which process is the "making" period. The blast of air of increased density is furnished by a fan blower, not by an air compressor. A good high blast pressure is advantageous for the shorter the blowing period the more making periods per day.

Blast at still lower pressure is used in foundries for blowing the cupola fires. It is used the same way as in the blast furnace, but of course everything is smaller—the intensity of blast varies from one-half to one pound.

At still less pressure, air accelerates forge fires and the fires under boilers; in the latter case the blast is called "forced draft." The great advantage of forced draft is the saving of the expense of the high chimney.



"Up-to-Now" Transportation

E. H. Blichfeldt.

NOT all the new things concerning transportation belong to the realm of the air. The building of a railway station like that of the Pennsylvania Railroad in New York, to cost close to fifty millions of dollars, is itself unprecedented, but significant here chiefly because of what it prophesies of continual adaptation and progress in equipment for travel by rail. It anticipates and provides generously for demands of the traveling public that are still in the future. Another stupendous terminal undertaking is that of the New York Central lines in New York. The City of Washington has a station as handsome and only less great than these, completed during the past decade. It is a new thing to have stations of such size, beauty, and commodiousness; and all over the United States the improvement and growth of station buildings during the past few years has been almost incredible. No such building activity would go on if there were not an expectation and a purpose to improve, invent, increase the enginery of travel on the solid surface of the world so as to make the erection of these magnificent buildings a profitable investment for a generation to come. We are not all to be given over to the airmen for safe conduct as yet.

The purpose of this article is to group somewhat casually a few facts and ideas about transportation which may have been encountered separated before but remained as detached bits of information or forgotten altogether. If it does this it will succeed, without startling the regular reader of the *New York Sun* or even of the *Review of Reviews*, and without attempting to make any expert or man of science wiser as to things concerning which the writer professes no wisdom.

The way of tunneling under the Hudson river so that

"the Pennsylvania" could run trains into its multi-million dollar station had to be distinctly new, for the river bottom, as far down as it would be practicable to go on account of the grade, is slime and mud—not likely material for tunneling as it is ordinarily done. Hollow metal tubes were therefore run through this oozy substance at the required depth, and supported on piers thrust down till they rested on solid rock. Within the tubes the tracks were laid.

The substitution of electricity for direct steam power in locomotion, even of heavy trains, in places where smoke and noise would be intolerable, is another thing not new in idea. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad installed electric locomotives for tunnel service some fifteen years ago; but the application of the idea on a growing scale accompanies and appears necessary to the carrying out of some of the greatest new projects. Electrification was a matter of course for the closed approaches to the Pennsylvania and New York Central Railroads in New York; and on the latter road all tracks within about twenty miles of the Grand Central Station are equipped for electric operation. It is said that within a comparatively few years electricity will doubtless be used from Manhattan to Niagara.

There are over 40,000 miles of track for electric railways, properly speaking, in the United States, many of which are running heavy passenger, express, and freight trains at approximately the same speed as steam roads. There are parlor cars, dining cars, sleeping cars—all the luxuries and conveniences that have become general on ordinary railroads, and the rates are lower, so that to avoid competing with electric lines the railroad companies have in many instances taken them over.

Electrification, however, is not to go on undisputed as a means of escape from the evils of the loud and black-fuming, coal-burning engine. The largest locomotive engine in the world, just "launched" for use on the Santa Fé Railroad, weighing 850,000 pounds and able to draw

ten thousand tons, burns crude oil. Just how thorough is the combustion on this monster the writer has not had opportunity to ask; but there is no reason why perfection itself should not be approached as regards the consumption of carbon from the oil. The largest locomotive engine in the world was not fitted up to burn oil till this fuel had been abundantly tested for railroad use, and one of its advantages is freedom from smoke. The railway use of oil as fuel, by the way, has assumed much greater proportions than the public is generally aware. The United States Geological Survey reports that during 1910 there were 21,075 miles of railway in the United States alone operated with oil as a fuel, and that 25,000,000 tons of coal would be the equivalent of the oil used. Economy, cleanliness, and the lessening of fire risks commend it as a substitute for coal.

It is in the internal-combustion engine, however, rather than merely as a substitute for coal under the steam engine, that the remarkable possibilities of crude oil as a fuel have been discovered. The Diesel engine, so called from its German inventor, Dr. Rudolf Diesel, develops its power, as does the gasoline engine, from the expansion of the gases from the fuel itself, burned within the cylinders of the mechanism. Unlike the gasoline engine, however, it develops this power without explosion; and apart from achieving greater efficiency by eliminating waste of heat and energy, and greater economy by using cheaper fuel, the fact that its fuel is non-explosive and as safe to store as coal (or vaseline) is a greater consideration in its favor. The first engines of this type were made for small boats, for auxiliary use on sailing vessels, and for submarines. A Canadian vessel of 2700 tons burden, however, the *Toiler*, built for slow freight service on the canals and the Great Lakes and therefore not equipped with speed-making engines, lately crossed the Atlantic with a 2650-ton cargo, which curiously enough was coal, at an average speed of nearly seven miles

an hour and came back light at a speed of nine and one half miles (8.2 knots). She has no motive power but that of her oil engines. It was estimated that the fuel cost was a little over half what it would have been with coal, to say nothing of the economy of fuel space, fuel weight, and labor charge for stoking. The Hamburg-American Line is building a freight ship of 9000 tons which will be capable of making 12.5 knots (over fourteen miles) an hour. One ship for the German navy, the Goeben, is to have oil engines of 12,000 horse power as against the 400 horse power of the Toiler or the 3000 horse power of the proposed Hamburg liner. In England not only is there activity in building oil-motor ships for freight but the first motor ship for passengers, complete in all its accessories of electric lights, ventilators, pumps, etc., and of 5000 tons burden, is also under construction. The new British warship, the Lion, while using coal as its principal fuel, will carry 1000 tons of oil, or more than the equivalent of the total fuel capacity of our Oregon of Spanish-War fame. It has been said on expert authority that the building of oil engines of any size, even up to 30,000 horse power, would now be practicable and economical; and their coming seems not likely to be much delayed! In small sizes the value of the type was demonstrated years ago and is recognized. The *Scientific American* not long since raised the question of why it is, in spite of all this knowledge and despite the fact that Herr Diesel was awarded a gold medal by the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia as early as 1901, that there is still no concern in the United States building internal-combustion oil engines, large or small.

Here is a use of oil not stimulated by competition with electricity, but for service where electricity could hardly be made to serve. Conduction of electric power across the Atlantic has not yet been arrived at, neither is the storage battery as yet to be considered as a means of propelling large vessels, even leaving out of account the great distances

involved in ocean traffic. The *Review of Reviews* for November describes the Diesel engine and its uses more fully. The inventor is quoted as saying that a war fleet can now be built capable of cruising around the world, engaging in battle if necessary, stopping at no fuel station, and returning unspent to its own port. Such possibility implies, of course, endless capabilities for use in the flotillas of peace and of friendly commerce.

Curiosities in the constantly shifting field of transportation are the auto-car made for operation on steel tracks and driven by a gasoline motor, used by some steam railroads as an auxiliary in caring for short-distance traffic, the "trackless trolley" operating a car with pneumatic tires but driven by power from a trolley above or beside the highway, the gas-electric railway motor car, the steam railway motor car, the monorail car, balanced on its single rail by a gyroscope. None of these have developed largely, but out of the experimental or special field in which things of the sort evolve may come at any time something of general application. A curiosity distinctly without such promise is the auto on ice runners driven by an air propeller.

The pay-as-you-enter arrangement is of course no longer a curiosity. A new device being installed in Chicago is a telephone from the conductor's platform to sounding horns above the heads of the passengers so that he can announce the streets without opening the door and thus admitting fresh air. It is to be hoped that a modicum of air will be otherwise introduced.

Little need be said of the growing use of the automobile for pleasure purposes as this is exploited in from ten to thirty advertising pages of the average magazine. The taxicab, the auto-omnibus, the "livery" motor car, have all become familiar, and articles have been written to show that a nice family party can make a day's journey by automobile as cheaply as they would go the same distance by

train. Two cents a mile, as minimum, with no allowance for parlor car or other special luxuries, means eight cents a mile for a party of four, and two hundred miles at this rate means sixteen dollars for railway tickets alone. Add the cost of Pullman or parlor car and you have something more, to be sure. But the economies of the touring car belong as yet to the department of casuistry.

It is upon the motor truck, which really preceded the self-driven pleasure vehicle, that most reliable and satisfactory computation of operating costs has been made. The motor truck either pays or does not pay under given conditions, and on the Yes or No to the question of efficiency it stands or falls. So the auto truck has been subjected to computation and is prepared to show what it can do. A ten-ton load is as easy as a load of two tons, bad streets call for no pity though they may slacken speed, the motor is never tired and it eats nothing but interest charges when at rest. It is emphatically pointed out however, that a motor truck is not an economical thing to keep idle or half busy. The 8000 firms in the United States using motor trucks, use trucks to the number of 20,000 and the estimated value is \$50,000,000 or a little over \$6,000 apiece, so that it would cost about \$300 a year to keep a truck standing idle, besides which it would be out of date nobody knows how soon and the investment would need to be made anew. Its economy is in its capacity for work, for heavy tonnage and great mileage, as compared with the horses whose "jobs" it takes.

The express companies, the large department stores, the moving concerns in cities, and such establishments as can count on keeping a motor wagon busy are the ones for which it makes the best showing. It is estimated that from 30 to 50 per cent saving is made on general city deliveries by the use of the horseless truck in such cases. The heavier and longer the hauls, the greater economy, and the demand from such users is so great that while there

has been talk of over-production and excessive advertising of the pleasure car, the manufacturers of auto trucks are not yet organized to work thoroughly nor even fully to supply their market. The street sprinkler, the street sweeper, the repair cars for electric railways are among the special appliances evolved from the motor truck which do not belong strictly to transportation but are interesting in this connection.

As for the air navigation of which we are all thinking as the most radical imminent departure from established ways of going, it has hardly invaded the field of practical transportation in the United States as yet. The cost of aerial travel between New York and San Francisco is now a little under \$1,000 a day; and Galbraith P. Rogers, who just made the cross-country flight, is optimistic enough to believe that the transit can be made in thirty days though his own time was considerably more because of adverse conditions. Still most of us will keep to our Pullmans and day coaches. In Europe the less daring, perhaps less interesting, but for the present more serviceable dirigible balloon or airship has received more attention, and the aeroplane or flying machine relatively less attention, than here. In Europe and especially in Germany there is actually such a thing as aerial transportation, of a semi-practical character—only semi-practical because as yet there are cheaper and at least as quick, safe, and comfortable ways of reaching one's destination. Regular service between fixed points, and covering hundreds of miles is already available; and the prophecy is made that within five years there will be regular airship service between Germany and the United States. There are municipally owned docks for airships, and special wireless service of the Weather Bureau for airships. As many as thirty-two passengers were carried on one trip of the airship *Deutschland I* over a trip of 160 miles from Düsseldorf to Münster. The greatest builder of airships is Ferdinand von Zeppelin, a German

count who spent some years of his earlier life in America and fought as a commissioned officer in the Union army during our Civil War. His recent airship, the Zeppelin VI, was nearly five hundred feet long and about forty-five feet in diameter. She was in commission a little less than a month when burned, but during that time had earned \$19,000 in fares, which was more than half clear profit over expenses. The destruction happened at her dock, through carelessness. A \$3,000,000 concern has been organized to carry on the further building of airships at a cost of \$142,000 each. Several have already been built at the works in Frederickshafen, and more are under construction. They are built of duralium, a metal stronger and lighter than aluminum, the smallest equal to the Zeppelin VI in size, and designed to carry twenty-six passengers each. Over a million dollars has been spent in docks, which revolve somewhat like the tower of an observatory or the turret of a monitor warship, in order that the door may always be on the side sheltered from the wind.

The Zeppelin airship is not merely a long gas bag with a car hung underneath, and with motors. It has its bags incased in metal, its air chambers maintained at constant temperature to prevent variations in volume and therefore in buoyancy, its rigid frame to give it definite shape and constancy in behavior. There are still builders of non-rigid motor balloons; but what is recognized as the Zeppelin type bids fair because of its safety and other advantages to displace them all. Still an airship that can describe circles in the air during a thirty-six mile wind with passengers aboard is not deserving of contempt; and this the non-rigid Parseval VI did October 22 last. A Zeppelin rigid ship, the Zeppelin II, has ridden through windstorms of forty miles an hour; on one occasion this was incidental to a trip of over 900 miles. It has been demonstrated that an airship is as safe in air as a ship on water, as long as fuel lasts, but must avoid landing in other than an adapted place during

a storm just as a ship must avoid the rocks during a storm.

So far as appointments go, there is nothing left to be desired in the Zeppelin cabin, for the length of trips made. At present there are no sleeping compartments, as the size of the vessels hardly warrants, but the length of the regular trips made does not as yet make them necessary. Larger and larger ships, longer and longer routes, cheaper and cheaper service may be expected as a matter of course. A trip to the North Pole is one of the projects in view for 1912; but as a sort of "try-out" the two ships intended for this adventure will make a few trips from Hamburg to London and to Christiania, Norway, and one to the region north of British Columbia.

Designs are already made for airships to be 1,000 feet long, to carry about forty tons of gasoline for motors of eight hundred horse power, and offering trans-Atlantic accommodations for two or three hundred passengers. These, however, are not yet achieved and while they are pretty definitely assured, mention of them may seem a little premature even in discussing the "latest" in transportation.

If things about-to-be are admitted, the *Scientific American* thinks that the aeroplane as well as the dirigible balloon is destined to become useful in passenger service; and a recent feat of carrying six passengers for thirteen miles, though not at railway rates, is notable as a prophecy. The Blériot monoplane and the Wright biplane figure as rivals in their development though in carrying capacity the biplane has a clear advantage. Fourteen passengers is the record for a biplane, as against only seven for the monoplane. The monoplane seems to be better fitted to develop speed, which is of interest in sport, in military scouting and messenger service, and for other special uses. The hydro-aeroplane is an adaptation of the biplane.

It is estimated that \$15,000,000 is now invested in factories to build air craft of one sort or another. There are

twenty aviation schools. Two millions of dollars in prizes were awarded in 1910.

Looking to the future in the light of "latest" things, it appears that we shall not lack for ways of getting about, whether on the land surface or in tunnels and subways under the earth, upon the expanse of oceans or under the water in submarines, upon the air like a bubble or through the air like an eagle or an arrow. And whatever the means for traversing any of these realms, we shall doubtless keep on altering and improving them.



*The following poems are chosen as an illustration of the style of the "Tenth Muse." Anne Dudley Bradstreet,** the earliest New England poet, was born in Northampton, England, about 1612. She was a daughter of Thomas Dudley, one of the founders of Boston, and a governor of the Massachusetts colony. For ten years before his removal to New England, Thomas Dudley was steward of the estate of the Earl of Lincoln. His first child was a son, Samuel, born in 1610. The daughter was a delicate and precocious child. "In my young years, about six or seven, as I take it, I began to make conscience of my ways, and what I knew was sinfull, as lying, disobedience to Parents, etc, I avoided it. . . . I also found much comfort in reading the Scriptures." The family removed to Boston in Lincolnshire, remaining there for some years, and came under the powerful and permanent influence of Rev. John Cotton. In 1628, at the age of sixteen, Anne Dudley was married to Simon Bradstreet, a graduate of Emanuel College, Cambridge, whom circumstances had placed under the same roof with her for years before their marriage. The first two years of married life were spent in England, and it is now that the girl's mind came under the influence of Du Bartas and other poets. Both her husband and her father joined Winthrop's colony, both being made assistants to the governor; and she sailed with them from Southampton for Massachusetts in 1630. "After a short time," are her words in her account of her religious experience, "I changed my condition, and married, and came into this country, where I found a new world and new manners, at which my heart rose. But after I was convinced it was the way of God, I submitted to it and joined the church at Boston." Their homes were first at Cambridge and then at Ipswich, where Rev. Nathaniel Ward, who afterward wrote "The Simple Cobbler of Agawam," became their strong personal friend. In 1644 the Bradstreets removed to Andover, where, in the present North Andover, their house still stands. Mrs. Bradstreet died in 1672. Her husband, the "Nestor of New England," lived until 1697, dying in Salem at the age of ninety-four. He had

*From Old South Pamphlet number 159.

**Through one of her children, she is the ancestress of Richard Henry Dana, through another of Oliver Wendell Holmes.

held high office in the colony for upwards of sixty years, having served as governor for seven years before the taking away of the charter in 1686, his wife's brother, Joseph Dudley, being appointed president of New England, and being elected to that office again upon the imprisonment of Andros three years later.

The first edition of Mrs. Bradstreet's poems was printed in London in 1650. Rev. John Woodbridge, who had come to New England in 1634, and had married Mrs. Bradstreet's younger sister, upon his return to England in 1647 took with him a number of Mrs. Bradstreet's poems in manuscript, and had them printed in London without her knowledge, with a number of commendatory epistles in verse from friends and admirers of the author following his own preface. Quite half of the bulk of Mrs. Bradstreet's volume is taken up by the dull and ponderous poems on "The Four Elements," "The Four Humours," "The Four Ages," "The Four Seasons," and "The Four Monarchies." Much besides is not intrinsically interesting; but some of the poems, like "Contemplations" and the little poems revealing her personal life have distinct charm. Others, are interesting for the lights they throw on early New England history and feeling.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY DEAR AND EVER HONORED FATHER, THOMAS DUDLEY, ESQ., WHO DECEASED JULY 31, 1653, AND OF HIS AGE 77.

His Epitaph.

*Within this tomb a patriot lies
That was both pious, just, and wise,
To truth a shield, to right a wall,
To sectaries a whip and maul.
A magazine of history,
A prize of good company,
In manners pleasant and severe,
The good him loved, the bad did fear;
And when his time with years was spent,
If some rejoiced, more did lament.*

AN EPITAPH ON MY DEAR AND EVER HONORED MOTHER, MRS. DOROTHY DUDLEY, WHO DECEASED DECEMBER 27, 1643, AND OF HER AGE 61.

Here lies

*A worthy matron of unspotted life,
A loving mother, and obedient wife,
A friendly neighbor, pitiful to poor,
Whom oft she fed and clothed with her store;
To servants wisely awful, but yet kind,
And as they did so they reward did find;
A true instructor of her family,
The which she ordered with dexterity;
She public meetings ever did frequent,
And in her closet constant hours she spent;
Religious in all her words and ways,
Preparing still for death till end of days;
Of all her children children lived to see,
Then, dying, left a blessed memory.*

THE AUTHOR TO HER BOOK

Thou ill-formed offspring of my feeble brain,
Who after birth didst by my side remain
Till snatched from thence by friends less wise than true
Who thee abroad exposed to public view,
Made thee, in rags, halting, to the press to trudge,
Where errors were not lessened, all may judge,
At thy return my blushing was not small
My rambling brat—in print—should mother call.
I cast thee by as one unfit for light,
Thy visage was so irksome in my sight;
Yet being mine own, at length affection would
Thy blemishes amend, if so I could.
I washed thy face, but more defects I saw,
And rubbing off a spot still made a flaw.
I stretched thy joints to make thee even feet,
Yet still thou runnest more hobbling than is meet.
In better dress to trim thee was my mind,
But naught save homespun cloth in the house I find.
In this array 'mongst vulgars mayst thou roam,
In critics' hands beware thou dost not come,
And take thy way where yet thou art not known.
If for thy father asked, say thou hadst none;
And for thy mother, she, alas, is poor,
Which caused her thus to send thee out of door.

TO MY DEAR AND LOVING HUSBAND.

If ever two were one, then surely we;
If ever man were loved by wife, then thee;
If ever wife was happy in a man,
Compare with me, ye women, if you can.
I prize thy love more than whole mines of gold,
Or all the riches that the East doth hold.
My love is such that rivers cannot quench,
Nor aught but love from thee give recompense.
Thy love is such I can no way repay;
The heavens reward thee manifold, I pray.
Then while we live in love let's so persevere
That when we live no more we may live ever.

IN HONOR OF THAT HIGH AND MIGHTY PRINCESS QUEEN ELIZABETH
OF HAPPY MEMORY.

THE PROEM

Although, great queen, thou now in silence lie,
Yet thy loud herald, fame, doth to the sky
Thy wondrous worth proclaim in every clime,
And so hath vowed while there is world or time.
So great is thy glory and thine excellence
The sound thereof rapt every human sense,
That men account it no impiety
To say thou wert a fleshly deity.
Thousands bring offerings, though out of date,
Thy world of honors to accumulate;
'Mongst hundred hecatombs of roaring verse,
Mine bleating stands before thy royal hearse.
Thou never didst nor canst thou now disdain
To accept the tribute of a loyal brain;
Thy clemency did erst esteem as much
The acclamations of the poor as rich,
Which makes me deem my rudeness is no wrong,
Though I resound thy praises 'mongst the throng.

THE POEM

No phoenix pen, nor Spenser's poetry,
Nor Speed's nor Camden's learned history,
Eliza's works, wars, praise, can e'er compact.
The world's the theater where she did act.
No memories nor volumes can contain
The eleven olympiads of her happy-reign,
Who was so good, so just, so learned, wise,
From all the kings on earth she won the prize.
Nor say I more than duly is her due;
Millions will testify that this is true.
She hath wiped off the aspersion of her sex
That women wisdom lack to play the rex.
Spain's monarch says not so, nor yet his host;
She taught them better manners to their cost.
The Salic law in force now had not been
If France had ever hoped for such a queen.
But can you, doctors, now this point dispute,
She's argument enough to make you mute.
Since first the sun did run his near-run race,
And earth had, once a year, a new-old face,

Since time was time, and man unmanly man,
Come show me such a phoenix if you can,
Was ever people better ruled than hers?
Was ever land more happy, freed from stirs?
Did ever wealth in England more abound?
Her victories in foreign coasts resound.
Ships more invincible than Spain's, her foe
She wrecked, she sacked, she sunk his Armado;
Her stately troops advanced to Lisbon's wall
Don Anthony in his right there to install;
She frankly helped Franks' brave distressed king;
The states united now her fame do sing,
She their protectrix was—they well do know
Unto our dread virago what they owe.
Her nobles sacrificed their noble blood,
Nor men nor coin she spared to do them good.
The rude untamed Irish she did quell;
Before her picture the proud Tyrone fell.
Had ever prince such counsellors as she?
Herself, Minerva, caused them so to be.
Such captains and such soldiers never seen
As were the subjects of our Pallas queen.
Her seamen through all straits the world did round.
Terra incognita might know the sound.
Her Drake came laden home with Spanish gold;
Her Essex took Cadiz, their herculean hold.
But time would fail me, so my tongue would, too,
To tell of half she did or she could do.
Semiramis to her is but obscure—
More infamy than fame she did procure;
She built her glory but on Babel's walls,
World's wonder for a while, but yet it falls.
Fierce Tomyris (Cyrus' headsman), Scythians' queen,
Had put her harness off had she but seen
Our amazon in the camp of Tilbury,
Judging all valor and all majesty
Within that princess to have residence,
And prostrate yielded to her excellence.
Dido, first foundress of proud Carthage' walls,—
Who living consummates her funerals?—
A great Elisa; but compared with ours
How vanisheth her glory, wealth, and powers!
Profuse, proud Cleopatra, whose wrong name,
Instead of glory, proved her country's shame,

Of her what worth in stories to be seen
But that she was a rich Egyptian queen?
Zenobia, potent empress of the East,
And of all these without compare the best,
Whom none but great Aurelian could quell,
Yet for our queen is no fit parallel.
She was a phoenix queen; so shall she be,
Her ashes not revived, more phoenix she.
Her personal perfections who would tell
Must dip his pen in the Heliconian well,
Which I may not; my pride doth but aspire
To read what others write, and so admire.
Now say, have women worth, or have they none?
Or had they some, but with our queen is it gone?
Nay, masculines, you have thus taxed us long,
But she, though dead, will vindicate our wrong.
Let such as say our sex is void of reason
Know 'tis a slander, but once was treason.
But happy England, which had such a queen!
Yea, happy, happy, had those days still been!
But happiness lies in a higher sphere;
Then wonder not Eliza moves not here.
Full fraught with honor, riches, and with days,
She set, she set, like Titan in his rays.
No more shall rise or set so glorious sun
Until the heavens' great revolution.
If then new things their old forms still retain,
Eliza shall rule Albion once again.

Her Epitaph.

*Here sleeps the queen; this is the royal bed
Of the damask rose sprung from the white and red,
Whose sweet perfume fills the all-filling air.
This rose is withered, once so lovely fair.
On neither tree did grow such rose before;—
The greater was our gain, our loss the more.*

Another.

*Here lies the pride of queens, pattern of kings.
So blaze it, Fame; here are feathers for thy wings.
Here lies the envied yet unparalleled prince,
Whose living virtues speak, though dead long since.
If many worlds, as that fantastic framed,
In every one be her great glory famed.*

The Vesper Hour*

Under the direction of Chancellor John H. Vincent

THE WORTH OF INCOMPLETE KNOWLEDGE†

Charles Reynolds Brown

Dean of the Divinity School of Yale University.

THE moment we begin to deal with religious truth we are made aware of the incompleteness of our knowledge. We are not in the realm of finality as we might be in pure mathematics or in formal logic. Our knowledge is limited and when we begin to push out along those lines of inquiry which seem to invite our advance, we find that knowledge speedily impinging upon a great world where we do not know. We are brought face to face with an undiscovered country not mapped out as yet and apparently incapable at present of being accurately surveyed. We repeat the experience of those men of old "who feared as they entered the cloud." We suffer confusion because we see spiritual reality through a glass darkly and in that mood of uncertainty we sometimes forget to act upon the light we actually enjoy.

* * * * *

He was a wise man in religious matters who said, "We know—" and then added modestly, —"in part." This was not a statement emanating from some indifferent agnostic who, because religious questions are difficult, insists that he does not know anything about them. It was not the statement of a defiant infidel who, because he does not understand everything about religion as he would like to, declares that neither he nor any one understands anything about it. It was not the statement of one of those hesitating individuals who are always trying to steer a safe course somewhere between yes and no, between the right of it and the wrong of it, who are never quite sure whether there is a God or not, but prefer to leave it an open question, with an ill-defined notion that the truth lies, perhaps, about halfway between the two claims.

*The Vesper Hour continues throughout the year the ministries of the Chautauqua Sunday Vesper Service.

†From "The Modern Man's Religion"—Five lectures delivered in 1910 before the students of Columbia University. By permission of The Pilgrim Press, Boston, Mass.

This man who said, "We know, in part," was not an agnostic nor an infidel nor a hesitator. He knew certain things. He was sure of them. He was ready to say so right out in meeting and to stand up and be cut in two for them if need be. "I know whom I have believed"—he felt no uncertainty on that point. It is a long step toward useful faith to know "whom" one has believed, even though he remains uncertain as to just what he believes at some points. "I know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ"—and this spiritual energy inwardly experienced had changed him from a narrow, bigoted, persecuting Pharisee into a man able to write the best hymn of love to be found in print. When you read that hymn which opens "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels and have not love, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal," you can think of nothing better—and the author of it embodied the spirit of it in his everyday life. "I know that all things work together for good to them that love God"—and in his particular case "all things" included a great deal of hardship and persecution, of disappointment and sorrow, but he never wavered in his faith that some wise purpose was being furthered by it all. This and much more he knew. "In part we know," was the way he would have placed his emphasis and the actual content of his knowledge was large indeed.

He makes his statement as an honest, modest, reasonable man face to face with those spiritual realities which are too great for perfect comprehension or final statement. His knowledge of them was considerable, but in his judgment they bulked greater than all our human knowledge of them. He must have realized when he said this that he was himself a man of no mean attainments. He wrote something like one-third of the New Testament with his own hand. He has probably done more to shape Christian thought than any other one save Christ himself. He had in his own life been caught up into the third heaven, whatever that may mean—it points, undoubtedly, to some extraordinary spiritual experience. He was the most effective missionary of a new faith the world has ever seen. He was a man of marvelous reach and grasp; yet face to face with those great realities, God and duty, prayer and redemption, immortality and the final judgment, he frankly confesses that the returns are not all in; that the last word has not been said and cannot now be said; that the full appreciation of these high values has not been reached. He had the quality of intellectual honesty and modesty. He would have counted it wrong to assert more than one feels to be true. He would have shrunk from assuming a thoroughness of knowledge

and a confidence of faith which were not his own, even as he would have shrunk from stealing some other man's clothing that he might appear the more richly appareled.

* * * * *

In speaking to you, then, regarding the worth of this incomplete knowledge let me consider in practical fashion two or three fundamentals in our religious thinking. Some of you may have been disturbed as to the doctrine of Providence. You have been told on high authority that God reigns and that He does all things well. When times are good and things are coming your way, you actually believe it. You see that the way of the transgressor is hard, as it should be. You see that the way of righteousness seems on the whole to be the way of peace and honor. You share in the comfortable persuasion that all things taken together in their completeness and final outcome are working a net result which will be good for those who are faced right.

But about the time you have gotten your doctrine of Providence all snug you may witness some occurrence like this. Here in your own circle of friends a young Christian mother dies! She was an ideal daughter, a devoted wife, and the beautiful mother of children who loved her and needed her companionship more than they needed anything else on earth apparently. But with a whole community of people, perhaps, praying for her recovery she died, while just around the corner a group of rascals, who are making the world worse rather than better, lived on, flourishing like so many green bay trees. Then somehow your doctrine of Providence receives a hard shock. It does not seem to be quite so clear that all things, even to the falling of a sparrow or the numbering of the hairs of our heads, are ordered by the rule of a wise and good God.

What shall we say? We know that situation as we know the whole mystery of human existence, only in part. We know the usefulness of that fair young life here, we do not know to what further and perhaps higher service it has been called there. We see what has been interrupted here, we do not see what has been taken up further on. We do not know the ultimate effect of this stern sorrow upon that household compelled now to regird all their powers as they walk in the shadow of a great bereavement. We do not even know God's ultimate purpose for those rascals who lived on—the returns are not all in for them either. We know in part, but the part we know, taking human life broadly, is so reassuring as to the wisdom and justice of the divine character evidenced in His dealings with us that we are willing to trust God and wait. We walk on not by sight, but by faith.

* * * * *

Heroes and martyrs in every age of the world have been laying down their lives for a principle. The true mother everywhere cares for her sick child, counting not her own pleasure, her comfort, or even her life dear if she may save her child. The poor dog attached to his master goes to the spot where he saw them lay the body and whines "for the touch of a vanished hand, for the sound of a voice that is still."

Has the Creator of such moral integrity in those heroes and martyrs kept none of it for Himself? Has He, out of the ages gone, out of the brute life of our sub-human ancestors, produced such surpassing devotion in the heart of the mother with no devotion in His own heart toward His helpless child? Has He instilled such faithful affection in the very dogs that perish, but failed utterly to share in that love Himself? It is unthinkable!

These forces which produce all these high qualities of life, attachment to the right, devotion to the helpless, faithful affection for those we love, are universal forces. They are in the last analysis divine forces. When we look at the results accomplished, at the fruit which the great tree of universal forces yields, we cannot but believe that there is moral character at the heart of this system of energy. Therefore, reassured by our faith in the moral character of God, when we cannot see we trust, remembering that as to the full significance and final meaning of many a strange experience, "we know in part." Thus our confidence in what we call the doctrine of Providence becomes to us a strong and defensible tower to shield us in the time of storm.

Take also the matter of prayer and the way it enters into the formation of character and the shaping of events! We know beyond a peradventure that prayer registers a definite and wholesome influence on the life of the man who prays. Those who loudly assert that virtue and vice are as purely physical products as sugar and vitriol, that all right action and wrong action can be accounted for on material grounds, have not made out their case. They have not begun to make it out. In the face of the present claim made by so many eminent philosophers and scientists that ultimate reality is sentient mind or spirit, the contention of these materialists becomes daily more feeble.

There is something unseen, mysterious, but real and powerful, which impels certain people to love the unlovely, to make sacrifices for the thoughtless and the ungrateful, to stand firm in the path of duty when it is anything but the line of least resistance. The love of right, the sense of obligation, the habit of adherence

to principle, all these are as real as granite. Yet the forces which make them strong are spiritual forces and these spiritual forces receive constant reinforcement from the habit of prayer.

This part we know. We have seen the hearts of men turned from anger to love, from sinful to holy purpose, from weakness to high resolve by prayer. We have seen the home life made sweeter because each day the members of a household come together and kneel before God, confessing their faults, asking His guidance and allowing that which is true and right within them to grow stronger by its sense of communion with Him who is altogether true and right. Any reasonable man in any part of the world would feel that his life, his property, and his family would be altogether safer in a community where men prayed habitually than in one where they only used the name of God profanely. This part we know about prayer.

But as to the ultimate and transcendent effect of it, as to the final philosophy of those mysterious actions and reactions which take place when we kneel before Him, as to the precise way in which the finite spirit may become a co-laborer with the Infinite Spirit in the shaping of events, I freely confess that there is a great deal which I do not understand. I must in the nature of the case recognize the incompleteness of my knowledge just as I recognize it when I think of the ether or of those waves of motion which make possible the wireless telegraph, or of those mysterious rays which pierce through what we had learned to call opaque, revealing that which was hidden.

* * * * *

Take the question of the future life. There is a great deal here which we would like to know. What are our loved ones, who have gone on, doing now? Are they the conscious witnesses of the blunders and failures we make here? How is right rewarded and wrong punished in that other world when the two are so intricately interwoven here? No man is so white a sheep but that there are occasional patches of goat about him here and there. No man is so bad but that there is some good in him if we "observingly distil it out." And what of the final outcome? Can the good people of the world be happily content if the sinful souls they loved are in conscious pain, or even if those sinful souls have been remorselessly wiped off the slate of existence? Is it, indeed, too much to hope that God's persuasions to righteousness, being infinite, may prove at last irresistible and so in every case successful?

Dare we say it and feel it and act upon it?

"Oh! yet we trust that somehow good
Shall be the final goal of ill,
That nothing walks with aimless feet,
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void
When God hath made the pile complete."

* * * * *

We know in part and the part we may feel reasonably sure about is something like this: I feel a profound confidence that we shall live on after death. The grounds of my hope are many. Here are the four main considerations on which my personal anticipation rests. The mass of unreason and injustice I would have left upon my hands, unexplained and unexplainable, if I should undertake to deny the truth of immortality, is one. I cannot help believing that the great book of life will read right when we read it through—and that calls for more chapters than we find in this present world.

The all but universal and persistent desire of men for a future life is another ground for faith. Somehow the integrity of the universe is such that it does not develop in men normal, widespread, and persistent desires unless standing over against them somewhere there is the corresponding satisfaction for those desires.

* * * * *

The fact that the clear visions and bright hopes of the best poets and prophets the world has known have been so largely on the side of the life eternal, means much. The seers have sung, and the prophets have uttered their highest anticipations by the power of an endless life.

The words and the attitude of firm confidence on the part of that supreme figure in history, Jesus Christ, mean still more. He saw clearly, spoke wisely, lived divinely. I cannot believe that here He reared His expectation and ours upon a fundamental mistake. He did not argue about immortality or seek to establish it by the citation of proof texts; He moved habitually in the strength of His consciousness of the life eternal.

Reason, experience, the best in literature, and the attitude of the One who has taken the moral government of the world upon His shoulder as none other ever has, all stand so strongly on the side of positive faith that I feel confident of an unbroken life. The terms and conditions of that life I must leave to Him who planned it.

* * * * *

How plain Christ made the duty of using the near and the familiar if we would understand the more remote! He may have realized that religion would speedily become encrusted with misconceptions, making it difficult for plain people to get at the vital elements in it. He may have known that men would write big, dull books about it which no one would want to read. He may have foreseen that learned men would talk about it, using for the most part technical, incomprehensible phrases in such a way as to confuse the people. At any rate, He made His own teaching simpler than that of any one whose words stand here recorded.

* * * * *

When we start in after that common-sense fashion, it is a straight course. The boy begins his study of mathematics not by standing speechless and helpless before the mysteries of differential calculus. He begins by learning to count, one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten. He goes ahead, moving along that plain path until with those same ten figures he may be computing the courses the planets take or measuring the distance of the fixed stars.

* * * * *

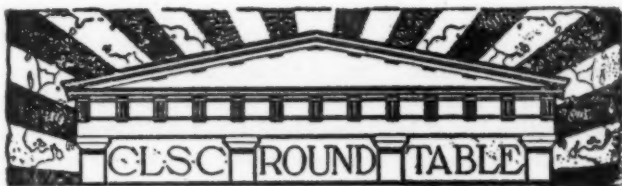
In every situation in life progress is made not by taking the more distant and difficult problems first, not by being appalled and discouraged over the amount that we do not know; progress is made by taking the part we know and by relating that to our own lives in such a way as to make it the instrument for gaining fuller knowledge. And this is just as true in religion as in other fields of thought and action. "If any man will do, he shall know." And in his doing let him deal first with those things which are near and familiar, for in that way his insight and understanding become more competent to deal with things remote.

* * * * *

In connection with this religious life of which I am speaking in this course of addresses, there may be many things which you do not understand nor, perhaps, believe. We will put them aside for the moment, not ignoring them, but merely postponing their consideration. Take the part you know; the moral imperative of living the best life you see—and no finer life than that of a true Christian can be named; the need of some competent guide and helper—and none better than Jesus of Nazareth has thus far appeared; the sure benefits to be obtained by trust and obedience to the Highest you recognize; the helpful reactions which come steadily through prayer and the reading of the Bible; the manifest

advantage of cherishing the hope of a future life and of facing squarely upon the fact that what a man sows he reaps.

All this you know! Let the part you know be the part you use. If you will take what you know, act upon it, build it into your own experience, follow where it leads, you will be treading the path which will bring you to the place where you will know even as you are known.



TWO HEAVENS

For there are two heavens, sweet,

Both made of love,—one, inconceivable

Ev'n by the other, so divine it is;

The other, far on this side of the stars,

By men called home.

—Leigh Hunt



FROM A SENIOR

An interesting letter comes from a member of the Class of 1912. It is quite typical of the kind of experiences that every C. L. S. C. Class can illustrate. This member from Guthrie, Oklahoma, says that she began the course many years ago; family cares were heavy, her husband was a Methodist minister and three of her seven sons are now active pastors of Methodist churches. But she writes: "I never intended to give up this course of reading after beginning and don't want to fail now. I want to

attend Chautauqua next summer and graduate there. I am a lone reader, not very young in years, nearly seventy, but I feel young in spirit and ambitions." The "Shakespeare" class will surely be proud to welcome next summer such a courageous spirit.



A WORD TO THE JANE ADDAMS CLASS

The Secretary of the Class of 1915, Miss Altshuler, writes,—“Quite the most exciting event of the autumn in Louisville has been the meeting of the Woman’s National Suffrage Convention. Jane Addams, our patron saint, was here, and I had the pleasure of listening to her address and meeting her at luncheon where I had a few words with her. She expressed her appreciation of 1915’s friendliness in naming the class for her.”



PASTE THIS IN YOUR OCTOBER NUMBER

In the C. L. S. C. Directory published in the October number of THE CHAUTAUQUAN, the list of class officers of 1889 was omitted. It stands as follows:

CLASS OF 1889—THE ARGONAUTS

Motto: “Knowledge unused for the good of others is more vain than unused gold.” Emblem: The Daisy.

President, Rev. W. A. Hutchison, Pontoonue, Ill.
Honorary Vice-presidents, Mrs. Jennie R. Hawes, Elgin, Ill.; Mrs. Charles Douglass, New York.

First Vice-president, Mrs. James A. Leech, Louisville, Ky.

Second Vice-president, Rev. J. C. Rudisill, Columbus, O.

Third Vice-president, Sidney F. Daily, Indianapolis, Ind.

Fourth Vice-president, Mrs. J. F. Griffith, Chicago, Ill.

Secretary, Miss E. Louise Savage, 27 Rowley Street, Rochester, N. Y.

Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Dora F. Emery, Greenville, Pa.

Treasurer, Mrs. S. Hamilton Day, Little Valley, N. Y.

Historian, Mrs. Smelzer, Albany, N. Y.

Trustee, Rev. S. Hamilton Day, Little Valley, N. Y.



SPECIAL PROGRAM FOR BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S BIRTHDAY, JANUARY 17

1. *Sketch.* “Franklin the Printer.”
2. *Reading.* “Life in a London Print Shop” (from “Autobiography”).
3. *Sketch.* “Franklin the Author.”
4. *Reading* from “Poor Richard’s Almanack.”
5. *Talk.* “The Development of Electricity from Franklin’s Day to Our Own.”

6. *Sketch.* "Franklin the Diplomat and Statesman."
7. *Reading.* "Speech on Prayer in the Federal Convention."
8. *Recitation.* "The Mother Country."



Verses Worth Memorizing

AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL*

O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern, impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness!
America! America!
God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in law!

O beautiful for heroes proved
In liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved,
And mercy more than life!
America! America!
May God thy gold refine,
Till all success be nobleness,
'And every gain divine!

*From "America the Beautiful and Other Poems." Permission of Miss Bates and of the Thos. Y. Crowell Company.

O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

—Katharine Lee Bates,
Wellesley, Mass.



HISTORY OF "AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL"

Marion Pelton Guild

THE author of "America the Beautiful" is the well-known professor of English literature at Wellesley College, and a writer of distinction in both prose and verse. She is an old friend of CHAUTAUQUAN readers, her delightful record of English travel, "From Gretna Green to Land's End," having appeared in this magazine as "A Reading Journey through the Western Counties of England." The recent publication of her collected poems is an event in literary America.

The first suggestion of the noble national hymn which is reprinted this month came singing into the mind of this passionate patriot in the summer of 1893, as she stood on Pike's Peak, surrounded by "purple mountain majesties," with the "spacious skies" overhead and the "fruited plain" at her feet. The poem was first printed, in a less perfected form than that here given, in the *Congregationalist* of July 4, 1895; but appeared in substantially its present shape in the *Boston Transcript* of November 19, 1904. Its exceptional and enduring value won instant recognition. In another column of the same issue of the *Transcript* the "Listener" remarked: "We rather guess that Professor Kath-

arine Lee Bates of Wellesley has written the American national hymn; that is to say, if now it can be wedded to music of its own quality. Here is a thoroughly American production well-nigh perfect as poetry, and in the most exalted strain as politics." This prophetic judgment was confirmed by the emphatic dictum of the lamented Thomas Bailey Aldrich, who, according to Professor Bliss Perry, "rarely praised a contemporary poem:" " 'America the Beautiful' ought to supplant the commonplace, lifeless lines which we have accepted as our national anthem." While not expecting to see any of our older patriotic songs lose their hold on the affections of our people, we do foresee for "America the Beautiful" an especially honored place, as the national hymn *par excellence* of those who love their country with their minds as well as their hearts. An admirable article by Rev. Wm. A. Knight, showing its fitness for this position, appeared in the *Congregationalist* of February 9, 1907. But the final proof of the song must be in the singing. "America the Beautiful" has now been reprinted in countless periodicals; it is eagerly sought for the newer hymnbooks; but best of all, in the seven years since its appearance it has been set to music by nearly fifty composers, and has been sung with ever-increasing frequency by great bodies of people, schools, conventions, patriotic assemblies of various kinds, all over the country.

Its first musical setting was that of Silas G. Pratt, which appeared in "Famous Songs," issued in 1895 by the Baker and Taylor Company. At Wellesley College, where it formed a part of the recent inauguration ceremonies, it is sung to the setting of Professor Clarence G. Hamilton of the Department of Music. This may be found in "Hymns of Worship and Service for the Sunday School," published by the Century Company, which also contains the setting composed by Rev. W. W. Sleeper of Wellesley town, and sung at Smith College and elsewhere. Oberlin uses the setting of Professor A. Arthur Demuth of its Conservatory

of Music, published by A. P. Schmidt of New York in "Oberlin's Favorite Hymns." Dr. Parker, who has been called the "best composer of choral music in America to-day," has written a strong and original setting which appears, we understand, in the "Methodist Sunday School Hymnal." The Society of Christian Endeavor published a tune by Mr. Charles S. Brown. The hymn has also been sung with excellent effect to the old air of "All Saints New" and "Materna." ("The Son of God Goes Forth to War" and "O Mother Dear, Jerusalem.") But as yet no one tune has met with universal acceptance. It would seem most desirable that the country should agree on one setting, thus rendering its new treasure complete.



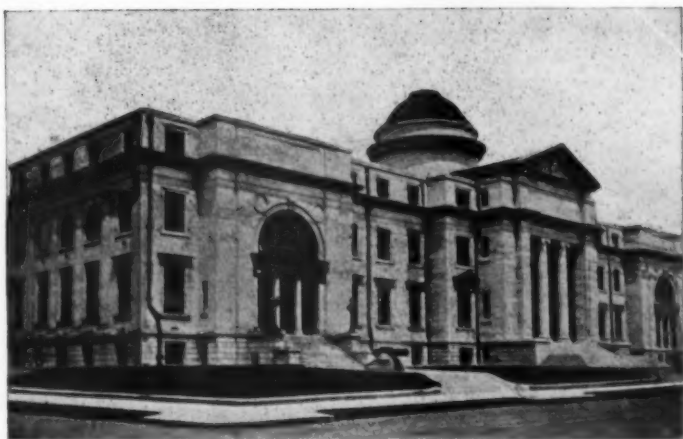
VERSES WORTH MEMORIZING

Emerson once said of the imagination, "It must be fed with objects immense and eternal." How often we allow the trivial advertisement or commonplace remark, persistently thrust upon us, to usurp the place intended for mental pictures "immense and eternal." What better antidote can we have than thoughts from the poets? Why not have a poet's corner each month with some short selection which one may read over daily till by the end of the month the lines which especially appeal to us may sing themselves into our imaginations? As Bliss Perry once said, "Here is a gate into the House Beautiful. At any time and anywhere if you but close your eyes and murmur the lines you love the ivory gate is open and Pan's pipes are playing."



WINTER CHAUTAUQUAS

The summer Chautauqua idea has taken the form in recent years of winter Chautauquas. Binghamton, New York, and Bridgeport, Connecticut, already have tested the



State Historical Building, Des Moines, Iowa.
Many of the city circles find this a desirable gathering place.



Methodist Church, Franklin, Pennsylvania
The C. L. S. C. sometimes meets here.



A Slab Cottage at the Lincoln Park, Kansas, Chautauqua



Thorney Lea Club House, Brockton, Massachusetts.
The Progressive Circle has had picnics here.



Looking from the Auditorium at the Kokomo, Indiana, Assembly.



Under the beeches in Cherokee Park, Louisville, Kentucky, is a cool spot for C. L. S. C. work.



A Slab Cottage at the Lincoln Park, Kansas, Chautauqua



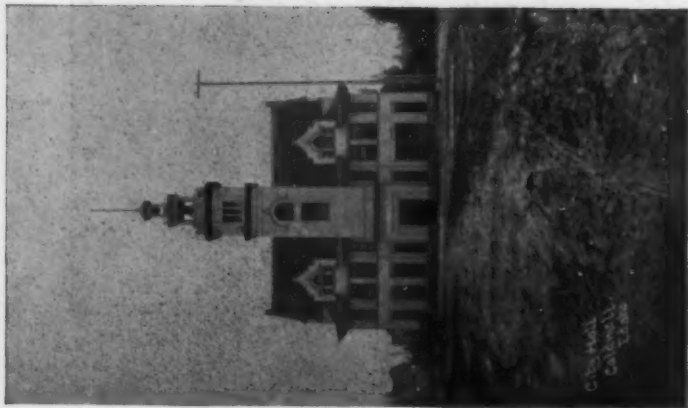
Thorney Lea Club House, Brockton, Massachusetts.
The Progressive Circle has had picnics here.



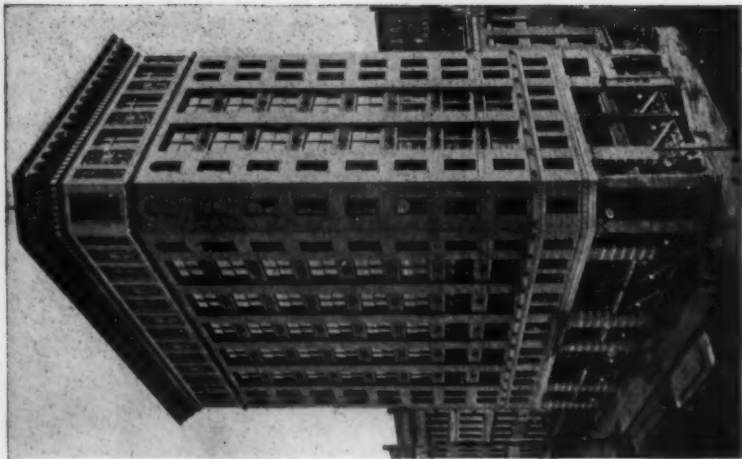
Looking from the Auditorium at the Kokomo, Indiana, Assembly.



Under the beeches in Cherokee Park, Louisville, Kentucky, is a cool spot for C. L. S. C. work.



This building in Caldwell, Idaho, houses the City Hall, the Fire Service, and the Library. The C. L. S. C. is especially interested in the library.



Chamber of Commerce, Rochester, New York.
A Circle meets in a lawyer's office in this

the notary.

Chamber of Commerce, Rochester, New York.
A Circle meets in a lawyer's office in this



plan successfully and in November of this year two satisfactory Chautauqua weeks were held, one at Mt. Kisco, New York, where the First Methodist Church was used as the Auditorium, and the other, also under the direction of A. M. Castello, at the Tremont Baptist Church in the Bronx, New York City. The C. L. S. C. was presented at both meetings and people who had scarcely ever heard the word Chautauqua and had no conception of its meaning, learned for the first time of its power as an educational movement. The idea seems increasingly practical. Towns which already have circles might plan a Chautauqua, many features of which would bear directly on the C. L. S. C. Course. The Circle can in this way not only enlarge its own opportunities but reveal to others that behind what may seem possibly mere entertainment there exists a larger plan of growth and self improvement.



C. L. S. C. AT CANANDAIGUA

It is no light thing to be a Chautauqua Circle with twenty-five years of history behind you. This is what has happened to the Chautauquans of Canandaigua, New York. Moreover, they have had but one president through all these years and this fact alone conveys an impression of unity in the Circle which is quite warranted by the facts. Canandaigua is a beautiful little town in Western New York. That it is a town of more than ordinary poise with an instinct for ideals is revealed by its Chautauqua history. Of the C. L. S. C. Classes from '87 to 1909, only a few are not represented in its list of graduates, and all told its membership during the years has exceeded one hundred and fifty persons. Twenty-nine people were enrolled during the first year and of these eight were present at the anniversary exercises. Moreover the influence of this Circle has reached into the towns and villages of the county where not less

than six other Circles have been established. The anniversary was celebrated by the reading of the history of the Circle, and of a sketch of the founder of the C. L. S. C., Bishop John H. Vincent, and by a banquet where letters of greeting were read.



C. L. S. C. MOTTES

*"We study the Word and the Works of God."
 "Let us Keep Our Heavenly Father in the Midst."
 "Never be Discouraged."*



C. L. S. C. MEMORIAL DAYS

OPENING DAY—October 1.	SPECIAL SUNDAY—May, second Sunday.
BRYANT DAY—November 3.	INTERNATIONAL PEACE DAY—May 18.
SPECIAL SUNDAY — November, second Sunday.	SPECIAL SUNDAY—July, second Sunday.
MILTON DAY—December 9.	INAUGURATION DAY—August, first Saturday after first Tuesday.
COLLEGE DAY — January, last Thursday.	ST. PAUL'S DAY—August, second Saturday after first Tuesday.
LANIER DAY—February 3.	RECOGNITION DAY—August, third Wednesday.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—February, second Sunday.	
LONGFELLOW DAY—February 27.	
SHAKESPEARE DAY—April 23.	
ADDISON DAY—May 1.	



OUTLINE OF REQUIRED READING FOR FEBRUARY

JANUARY 29-FEBRUARY 5

"Uruguay, Paraguay, and Bolivia." (THE CHAUTAUQUAN, "Reading Journey through South America," V).

"The American Poet's View" (THE CHAUTAUQUAN, "As We See Ourselves," V).

"Compressed Air" (THE CHAUTAUQUAN, "American Engineering," V).

FEBRUARY 5-12

"The Novel," "The Purpose of Fiction" (Hamilton's "Materials and Methods of Fiction," Introduction and Chapter I).

FEBRUARY 12-19

"Réalism and Romance;" "The Nature of Narrative" (Hamilton, Chapter II, III).

FEBRUARY 19-26

"Plot, Characters, and Setting" (Hamilton, Chapters IV, V, VI).

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAMS FOR LOCAL CIRCLES

FIRST WEEK, JANUARY 29-FEBRUARY 5

1. *Map Talk*. "Uruguay."
2. *Letter Home*. "A Day in Montevideo" (Hale's "Guide;" Curtis's "Capitals of Spanish America;" Akers's "A History of South America;" Clark's "Continent of Opportunity.")
3. *Talk*. "Uses of Compressed Air" (see "In Logging" in *Scientific American*, April 20, 1907; "In Cleaning," *Scientific American*, May 11, 1907; "Flowing Oil Wells," *Scientific American*, January 14, 1905; "In a Shipyard," *Cassier*, June, 1906; "In the Machine Shop," *Engineering Magazine*, February, 1906; "New Applications," *Scientific American*, September 29, 1906; "Application of Compressed Air," *Cassier*, December, 1906.)
4. *Paper*. "American Poetry" ("American Literature," by Katharine Lee Bates; John Churton Collins's "Studies in Poetry of America" in *Living Age*, September 22, 1906; "Present American Poetry" in *Forum*, August, 1909.)
5. *Review* of Besant's "The Art of Fiction."
6. *Reading or Recitation* of poems mentioned by Mr. Heydrick in his article in this number.

NOTE. Every member of the circle should have a working familiarity with one or more good novels or romances which should constantly be used for illustrative purposes. Suitable examples are: Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter;" Howells's "A Modern Instance;" George Eliot's "Silas Marner;" Scott's "Ivanhoe;" Thackeray's "Vanity Fair;" Dickens's "David Copperfield;" Edith Wharton's "The House of Mirth;" Tolstoy's "Anna Karenina;" Balzac's "Eugenie Grandet;" Stevenson's "Treasure Island;" Barrie's "Sentimental Tommy;" Austen's "Pride and Prejudice;" Bronte's "Jane Eyre."

SECOND WEEK, FEBRUARY 5-12

1. *Map Talk*. "Paraguay."
2. *Biographical Sketch*. "The Lopez Family" (Akers; Dawson's "South American Republics.")
3. *Discussion*. "Reasons for the Popularity of Fiction."
4. *Report* of a committee appointed to investigate the fiction of the local library. Expressions of approval or recommendations for improvement, based on the sense of the meeting after this report is discussed, should be transmitted to the library.
5. *Review* of James's "The Art of Fiction."
6. *Roll Call*. Review of "Ivanhoe" by questions in Bliss Perry's "A Study of Prose Fiction," Appendix, page 377.
7. *Reading* from "The Scarlet Letter."
8. *Comparison* of Chapter I, in "Materials and Methods of Fiction" with Ruskin's "Modern Painters," Part I, Chapter 5, and Part II, Chapter 1-7.
9. *Recitation or Song*. "America the Beautiful," by Katharine Lee Bates.

THIRD WEEK, FEBRUARY 12-19

1. *Map Talk*. "Bolivia."
2. *Original Story*. "My Experiences as a Miner in Bolivia" (Akers; Curtis's "Between the Andes and the Ocean;" Dawson; Pepper's "Panama to Patagonia.")
3. *Roll Call*. "Realists and Writers of Romance."
4. *Review* of Howells's "Criticism and Fiction."
5. *Original Narrative* with explanation of its construction.
6. *Analysis* of "Vanity Fair," discussing (1) Aim; (2) (a) Char-

- acters; (b) Plot; (c) Setting; (3) Style (see Bliss Perry's "A Study of Prose Fiction," Appendix, IV, page 374.)
7. *Reading from Mrs. Wharton's "The House of Mirth."*

FOURTH WEEK, FEBRUARY 19-26

1. *Report of committee appointed to study applications of compressed air in your town—as in department stores, blast furnaces, building foundations, coal mines, spray painting, etc., etc.*
2. *Summary of Stevenson's "Gossip on Romance."*
3. *Brief Review.* 1) of "Don Quixote" as an example of a picturesque novel which has the simplest form of plot; 2) of George Eliot's "Silas Marner" showing the combination of two series of events in the plot; and 3) of Dickens's "Tale of Two Cities," Shakespeare's "King Lear," or George Eliot's "Middlemarch" with explanation of the use of more than two series of events in the plot.
4. *Study of the characters of the novel with which you are most familiar.*
5. *Comparison of the setting of the realistic novel which you know best with that of the romance with which you are most familiar.*
6. *Reading from Mrs. Anne Bradstreet's poetry in Library Shelf of this magazine.*
7. *Original Description of a room, each detail revealing the character of the occupant. Reading of this description should be followed by discussion as to the characteristics indicated. The author shall then state which decisions are correct.*



TRAVEL CLUB

Travel Clubs should be provided with Hale's "Practical Guide to Latin America," with a large map of South America, and with individual outline maps of South America and of each country in South America which each member may fill in as the study progresses. Photographs, picture postcards, or pictures in books of all buildings and places mentioned should be exhibited.

A general bibliography of the Reading Journey through South America will be found in the September Magazine. If any clubs or libraries can provide but two books for supplementary reading they should be Dawson's "The South American Republics" and Hale's "The South Americans." Of great contemporary interest is the "Bulletin" published by the Pan American Union, Washington, D. C. This is a handsomely illustrated monthly magazine whose subscription price is \$2.00 a year. Every Travel Club will find a subscription worth while.

FIRST WEEK

1. *Map Talk.* "Uruguay."
2. *Historical Sketch.* "Uruguay" (Hale's "Guide to Latin-America" and "The South Americans," Dawson's "South American Republics," Akers's "A History of South America.")
3. *Botany Lesson.* "The Plants of Uruguay, Paraguay, and Bolivia" (Hale; Dawson; Curtis.)

4. *Talk*. "Population of Uruguay, Paraguay, Bolivia" (Akers.)
5. *Story*. "Baron Liebig and the World's Kitchen" (Hale.)
6. *Letter Home*. "A Day in Montevideo" (Hale's "Guide;" Curtis's "Capitals of Spanish America;" Akers; Clark's "Continent of Opportunity.")

SECOND WEEK

1. *Map Talk*. "Paraguay."
2. *Historical Sketch*. "Paraguay" (Akers; Dawson; Hale.)
3. *Biographical Sketch*. "The Lopez Family" (Akers; Dawson.)
4. *Description*. "A River Trip to Asunción, Concepción, and Villa Hayes" (Curtis's "Capitals" and Hale.)
5. *Talk*. "Climate of Uruguay, Paraguay, and Bolivia" (Akers.)
6. *Exhibition*. "Resources of Uruguay, Paraguay and Bolivia." (Use actual objects, pictures, etc. See Barrett in "Independent" for January 14, 1909.)
7. *Book Review* of "The Pilot and his Wife" by Jonas Lie, translated from the Norwegian by Mrs. Ole Bull.

THIRD WEEK

1. *Map Talk*. "Bolivia."
2. *Sketch*. "The Incas" (Akers.)
3. *Original Story*. "My Experiences as a Miner in Bolivia" (Akers; Curtis's "Between the Andes and the Ocean;" Dawson; Pepper's "Panama to Patagonia.")
4. *Talk*. "Industries of Uruguay, Paraguay, and Bolivia" (Barrett; Curtis; Dawson.)
5. *Description*. "Population of Uruguay, Paraguay, and Bolivia" (Akers; Curtis; Dawson.)
6. *Story*. "Yerba Maté from the Field to the Cup." Accompanied by tea served by maids in costume.

FOURTH WEEK

1. *Description*. "Lake Titicaca" (Pepper's "Panama to Patagonia;" Ruhl's "The Other Americans.")
2. *Letter Home*. "A Day in La Paz" (Hale; Curtis's "Capitals;" Curtis's "Between the Andes and the Ocean;" Ruhl.)
3. *Talk*. "Travelling with a Llama Train" (Akers; Clark's "Continent of Opportunity.")
4. *Paper*. "Education in Uruguay, Paraguay, and Bolivia" (Akers.)
5. *Reading*. "The Capture of the Inca" from Prescott's "Conquest of Peru" (Warner Library.)



REVIEW AND SEARCH QUESTIONS ON FEBRUARY READING

AS WE SEE OURSELVES. CHAPTER V. POETRY.

1. What was the influence of poetry in the olden days?
2. Into what groups may the poems reflecting American life be divided?
3. Which group is the largest?
4. What is theme of Madison Cawein's poem?
5. What well-known poets wrote about the Centennial?
6. Recite the first stanza of Whittier's hymn.
7. What does "The Vanishing City" celebrate?
8. What experiences are recorded by Robinson's poem?
9. What inspiration was given to Hovey by the destruction of the Maine?
10. What aspects of Admiral Dewey's character are celebrated by Risley in the poem quoted?
11. What did Uncle Sam clean in the Spring?
12. What is the tone of Carryl's

poem? 13. What national change is emphasized in "Reunited?" 14. What spirit of disapproval was expressed in Moody's "Ode?" 15. What is described in Runyon's "Song?" 16. With whose work are the early poems of John Hay compared? 17. What type has Riley chosen? 18. Why are the ancestral dwellings dear to the author's heart? 19. What does Stedman rebuke in the quoted lines? 20. How do Markham's and Norris's work come together? 21. How does Lanier reinforce this teaching? 22. What problem does van Dyke discuss? 23. How does the sweat shop look to Markham? 24. What incident does "The New Politician" describe? 25. How does Whitman symbolize democracy? 26. In what aspects does Woodberry view "My Country?" 27. How did "Old Glory" get its name? 28. Compare American poetry with American fiction and drama.

READING JOURNEY THROUGH SOUTH AMERICA. CHAPTER V. URUGUAY,
PARAGUAY, AND BOLIVIA

1. What of the size of the river Plate? 2. What is the situation of Montevideo? 3. What sort of city is it? 4. When was it founded? What are some of the elements of the population? 6. Characterize the parks, roads, architecture and private grounds of the town. 7. What is the especial charm of the Uruguayan señorita? 8. What is the climate of Uruguay? 9. How extensive are the railways? 10. What is the nature of the country? 11. Give an idea of the extent of its imports and exports. 12. What sort of place is Fray Bentos? 13. Why has Uruguay been called the "cockpit" of the southern part of the continent? 14. What are the political parties called? 15. What are the peculiarities of Paraguay? 16. What is its climate? 17. Describe El Chaco. 18. What is the geography of Eastern Paraguay? 19. In what way have Paraguay and Uruguay served as buffer states? 20. What has been the history of Paraguay? 21. What good work was done by the Jesuit missions? 22. Describe the Great Cataract of Guayra. 23. How far is the Paraguay River navigable? 24. What sort of city is Asunción? 25. What was the history of Paraguay after its freedom from Spain? 26. What is the present government? 27. What are the commercial possibilities? 28. What is the main physiographical feature of Bolivia? 29. Describe the mountains. 30. Lake Titicaca. 31. Who were the Piruas? 32. What birth-right have the Bolivians? 33. What was Bolivia's part in the struggle against Spain? 34. Describe the two routes from New York. 35. What was D'Aubigny's opinion of the *yungas* region? 36. What are some of the products of this region? 37. What is an important craft of the Indians? 38. For what is Potosí and its neighborhood noted? 39. What minerals are found in Bolivia? 40. Describe Sucre. 41. What is the story of the naming of La Paz? 42. Describe the city.

AMERICAN ENGINEERING. CHAPTER V. COMPRESSED AIR.

1. What work is at the basis of all engineering. 2. Why has American engineering been more wasteful than European? In what respect is compressed air like electricity? 4. How is compressed air used? 5. To what classes of power transmission is

compressed air best adapted? 6. What are some of the uses of compressed air? 7. What is the usefulness of the brake on steam trains? 8. How is resistance to motion caused? 9. How did the Westinghouse brake work? 10. Why is the automatic air brake better? 11. What is its apparatus? 12. What is the mode of operation? 13. What is the governor? The air gauge? 14. What are the uses of compressed air in mining? 15. Compare it with electricity. 16. What is a pick machine? 17. How may electricity be used in combination with compressed air in working the pick machine? 18. Describe the pneumatic locomotive. 19. How and where is compressed air used for refrigeration? 20. How is compressed air used in a blast furnace? 21. How is water gas made? 22. For what purpose is compressed air used in foundries? 23. With forge fires? 24. What is "forced draft?"



SEARCH QUESTIONS

1. Who was Andrew Fletcher and when did he live? 2. When was the rush of gold seekers to the Klondike? 3. What was the date of the explosion of the Maine? 4. When was the Battle of Manila Bay? 5. Why are battleships painted grey? 6. What was General Wheeler's rank in the Spanish-American War? 7. What is Colonel Goethals's full name and what was his position during the Spanish-American War? 8. What was Gilgal? 9. What poem made Edwin Markham famous? 10. When was Hughes first elected governor of New York? 11. Who was the sculptor of the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor and what other statue in New York did he execute?



ANSWERS TO SEARCH QUESTIONS ON JANUARY READINGS

1. Joaquin Miller was born in Indiana, lived in Oregon, mined in California; was a judge and an editor and a poet. 2. Although a professor of English, the author of a History of English Literature and of promise as a playwright, Mr. Moody's best work was done in verse.

1. a) general; b) general; c) general, statesman, minister to the United States in 1823; d) statesman; e) journalist, author, general, statesman; f) journalist, author, educator, statesman. 2. Harbor dweller.



NEWS FROM READERS AND CIRCLES

"Here are two circle reports from Jamestown, (New York) which is not very far from Chautauqua," said Pendragon, "and I am going to read them quite fully because they are such enthusiastic people there, and such

hard workers." "So are we all of us," retorted some one jealously. "That is true enough," laughed Pendragon. "There never is any reason to complain of any lack of Chautauqua enthusiasm, and that is why we all like to hear about what we know so well. Here is the report:"

"The Melioro Circle of Jamestown was organized six years ago with six members. Since then we have had six members pass through the 'Golden Gate,' four of them belonging to the original six, and we closed the year of 1910-11 with thirty members. Of the number reading the last year seven were postgraduates, and twelve had never read before. For the convenience of the leader, the class was divided into two sections, one meeting every Monday afternoon and the other every Tuesday evening from October 1 to June 1. We had no regular program, the lesson was conducted on informal lines and the discussion was general. The leader prepared himself to conduct the lesson carefully and sometimes designated points for particular attention. All possible references were brought into class, and as many of our friends have been to Europe we had access to many beautiful pictures. Our leader carried us over the travel in London with the aid of her modern map and when we finished we knew London well. We gave one dinner party to our men friends, who nearly all have read the books with their wives (and might take their diplomas if they would) and to our Sister Circle, the Stoddard. After dinner we listened to a lecture on Egypt. We also held a Dickens meeting and had a finely arranged program which was well carried out."

"What good times they have," said the Anxious One. "Is the other circle equally happy?" "Exactly as happy," replied Pendragon, "and I should add," he went on, "that there are still other circles in Jamestown, and that they are all flourishing."

"The Plus Ultra Circle of the C. L. S. C. has an active membership of twenty and two honorary members. A committee of five makes out a program for each meeting, assigning subjects to several members who bring to us at the meeting whatever of interest they have been able to gather. We open with devotional exercises, the roll call is answered with some quotation or reference to the subject in hand. Much is learned in this way. Especially was it helpful in the past year's study of Cathedrals and of the London of different periods. All members of our Circle are subscribers to THE CHAUTAUQUAN. Many attended the October first Bryant Bell ringing. Mrs. S. H. Day, formerly of Chautauqua, gave us a lecture entitled, 'Oxford, Cap and Gown,' which was like a beautiful chapter added to the month's magazine. All members of the reading circles in Jamestown were invited and they expressed the wish that we might have the privilege of hearing Mrs. Day again.

"We have a committee to decide the readings for the coming year, and this winter we are to take up the 'Reading Journey through South America.' Our meetings are held at the homes of

our members. After the work of the afternoon is finished the hostesses serve dinner and we all enjoy a social hour. Two ladies usually serve together. In July we held an outing at the summer home of one of our members. Two of our circle are presidents of C. L. S. C. Reading Circles. Our Secretary has held her office continually since September, 1902, and has never missed a meeting in all that time."

A burst of applause greeted this statement. "The Benton Harbor Chautauqua Alumni," said a Michigan delegate, "has a member whose record equals that of this New Yorker, and of the Tennessean mentioned in the July CHAUTAUQUAN. This member has completed her eighth year, has been an officer for all that time, and has never been absent." "We surely are stickers, aren't we?" commented Pendragon.

"We have sixteen very live members in our Circle at Fontanelle, Iowa, and indications are that we shall have a very profitable year. We began the year with a picnic supper. Little informal affairs of that kind do much to create a good feeling among the members." "We have so much good feeling in our Capitol Hill Chautauqua," said a Des Moines speaker, "that we have had an all day meeting. In the morning we went through the regular lesson, and in the afternoon we had talks on South America and on music."

"I should like to hear of some S. H. G. activities," said Pendragon. "In Cleveland," said an Ohioan promptly, "we meet but twice a year, but we find our gatherings stimulating because we talk over what we have been reading and thinking during the preceding months." "Our S. H. G. of Beaver, Pennsylvania, joined with the active Circle in sending greetings to the A. M. Martin Circle of Chautauqua, New York, on Bryant Day of this year. We are an up and coming lot in Beaver!" "We've heard of you," nodded Pendragon approvingly. "Our S. H. G. in Creston, Iowa, has a pretty program book for 1911 and 1912. It has a garnet cover and the date, hostess and program of each meeting are listed in it." "Last August we organized an S. H. G. at Blue Rapids, Kansas," said one of the

members "and we are busying ourselves briskly this year. On the same day that we organized the Longfellow Class graduates had a Recognition Day service at the Chautauqua grounds. Bishop McDowell presented the diplomas. One of the class presented the rest with souvenir cards and another gave class badges." "We have over sixty graduates on our list" said a representative of the S. H. G. of Rochelle, Illinois, "and the number is increased at our annual social meeting when we welcome the latest graduates within our charmed Circle. We consider that the Chautauqua work has a good influence in our community in that it broadens our minds, arouses our intelligence, and puts us in touch with our fellow-men throughout the world." "We of the Excelsior S. H. G. of Jamestown confirm that," declared a New Yorker. "We have entered upon our fifth year, and our enthusiasm is unabated."



REVIEW QUESTIONS ON HAMILTON'S "MATERIALS AND METHODS OF FICTION"

Introduction I. 1. What has been the position of prose fiction in literature? 2. Who were the early English novelists? 3. What was the advance of the novel in the 19th century? II. 1. What has been the novelist's attitude concerning the relation of art to life? 2. Quote certain great writers on the purpose of fiction. 3. What is the final test of the fineness of fiction? 4. Give Stevenson's definition of romance and drama. 5. Speak of Tolstoi's novels. 6. Give Stevenson's wording of the law of fiction. 7. What were Frank Norris's standards? III. 1. What literary form did the novel follow in popularity? 2. What questions have been studied with reference to prose fiction?

Chapter I. 1. What is the purpose of fiction? 2. Distinguish between fact and truth. 3. Define human science, human philosophy, human art. 4. How should the fiction writer make use of them? 5. Name novelists interested chiefly in one. 6. Where does Hawthorne stand in relation to them? 7. What process does fiction follow? 8. Name several characters of fiction, and explain why they are not actual but real. 9. Show that the fictitious presentation of a historic character may be more lasting than the account of him in history. 10. Comment on Parkman. 11. What makes the reality of events in fiction? 12. In what way may a fiction writer be untruthful? 13. What temptation to untruthfulness lies in the end of a story? 14. Give examples of untruthful speech. 15. What is true of the incidents of the best fiction? 16. Quote Hawthorne's experience with "The Scarlet Letter." 17. How is it that fiction may be truer than reports of actual occurrences?

18. What is the chief basis of permanence for fiction? 19. Distinguish between immorality and coarseness. 20. Wherein lies the basis for ethical judgment of a novel? 21. Connect immorality with untruth. 22. Account for the fact that several of the great novelists were in middle life when they first took up fiction writing. 23. What are two necessities for a fiction writer? 24. What two endowments of experience should he have? 25. Illustrate. 26. How are intense experiences attained? 27. Mention a basis for the assertion that fiction writers are born, not made. 28. Connect curiosity and sympathy with experience.

Chapter II. 1. What are the two contrasted schools of novelists? 2. On what are they based? 3. Why does Mr. Crawford's definition fail? 4. Why does the distinction based on action and character fail? 5. Why does the distinction based on nearness of time and place fail? 6. Wherein does Professor Perry fail? 7. Wherein lies the real distinction between realism and romanticism. 8. How do realist and romantic develop the threefold process of the fiction-making mind? 9. Give briefly Hawthorne's distinction. 10. Compare the inductive with the deductive method. 11. Illustrate. 12. Connect modern science and realism. 13. What is the realist's chief advantage? 14. What is the attendant disadvantage? 15. What resulting law is laid upon the realist? 16. How does the romantic gain by yielding to this law? 17. Compare the range of realism with that of romance. 18. What corresponding responsibility rests upon romance? 19. Quote Guy de Maupassant on criticism. 20. What danger assails the realist? 21. The romantic? 22. Quote Professor Matthews's distinction between romance and romanticism.

Chapter III. 1. What is the natural method of fiction? 2. What rhetorical methods are out of place in fiction? 3. What is a narrative? 4. What is meant by "narrative sense?" 5. Give examples of novelists who have it and of others who do not. 6. What three elements enter into any event? 7. Quote Stevenson. 8. Speak of character narrative and action narrative with regard to the truth of human life. 9. Make a philosophical distinction between character narrative and action narrative. 10. Quote Stevenson in connection with the "outside in" method. 11. Quote James on Turgenieff in connection with the "inside out" method. 12. How is the purpose of narrative fulfilled?

Chapter IV. 1. How does the artist simplify life? 2. What is the prime structural necessity in narrative? 3. How may the writer of narrative attain it? 4. Compare analytic and synthetic construction. 5. What advantage lies in blocking out a story before writing it? 6. What is the simplest form of narrative structure. 7. Explain the usage of positive and negative events. 8. Illustrate by "David Swan." 9. What impression is produced by a book like "Kim?" 10. Illustrate by "Silas Marner" the real meaning of plot. 11. Illustrate plots of great complexity. 12. Explain why the movement of the "untying" is more rapid than that of the "tying." 13. Quote Aristotle. 14. Discuss the sub-plot. 15. Characterize the discursive and the compacted novel. 16. Illustrate the distinction by the author's supposition concerning George Eliot and the "Scarlet Letter." 17. What point does "the great Mel" illustrate? 18.

Compare logical and chronological succession. 19. Where does the major knot stand in the detective story?

Chapter V. 1. What is the novelist's duty as between his characters and his readers? 2. Why do well-drawn fictitious characters seem more worth while than the same sort of people in real life? 3. Discuss type and individuality. 4. Give illustrations of static and of dynamic characters. 5. Discuss direct and indirect methods of delineating characters and illustrate. 6. Describe the methods used in direct portrayal of character. 7. Do the same for indirect delineation. 8. How is the character of Becky Sharp made clear?

Chapter VI. 1. Describe the evolution of "setting" in painting. 2. Give illustrations which show a similar evolution in fiction. 3. Quote Ruskin. 4. Speak of emotional similarity and contrast. 5. Discuss setting as suggesting action; as causing action; as influencing the characters. 7. What is Zola's attitude toward the philosophic aspect of setting? 8. Study the weather in fiction. 9. Distinguish between a romantic and a realistic setting. 10. Upon what is "atmosphere" dependent?

Chapter VII. 1. Discuss "point of view" in its relation to absolute truth. 2. What determines the use of the first person and the third person? 3. When may the first person be used to advantage? 4. What are the difficulties? 5. Discuss the point of view of the minor characters. 6. What device has Kipling developed? 7. Discuss the epistolary method. 8. Discuss the author's attitude toward his story. 9. Speak of the "best point of view." 10. Of maintaining the same point of view. 11. Speak of James, Kipling, and "The Documents in the Case."

Chapter VIII. 1. Compare the essential and the contributory. 2. How does the artist distinguish between the necessary and the subsidiary? 3. Discuss emphasis in the arts. 4. Explain emphasis by position (a) at the end, (b) at the beginning of (1) the short-story, (2) the novel. 5. Speak of emphasis by (a) direct, (b) inverse proportion. 6. Give illustrations of emphasis by repetition. 7. What expedient is used by Hawthorne to produce emphasis in "The White Old Maid?" 8. Give examples of emphasis by antithesis; 9. By the use of climax; 10. By surprise; 11. By suspense; 12. By imitative movement.

Chapter IX. 1. How broad is the application of the technical principles so far developed? 2. The form of fiction (epic, dramatic, or novelistic) is how determined? 3. What has been the nature of the great epics? 4. What has been the subject-matter of some of the greatest epics? 5. Account for the impersonal treatment of characters in the epic. 6. What is the main difference in content between epic and novelistic fiction? 7. Characterize "Don Quixote." 8. Why is the epic dead today? 9. Give examples of epic feeling in modern fiction. 10. In what sense is the novel a greater type of fiction than the epic? 11. Within what limitations does the dramatist work? 12. Why do these three external influences account for the essential differences between the drama and the novel? 13. Explain "No struggle, no drama." 14. What results from the author's knowledge of the emotionalism of the crowd? 15. Explain the seeming opposition of Shakespeare's and of Meredith's literary greatness. 16. What novels may be dramatized successfully? 17. Why is the technique of drama writing more difficult than that of novel writing?

Chapter X. 1. What are the three forms of novelistic writing? 2. What is the difference between the novel and the novelette? 3. Distinguish the short-story from both. 4. What is Poe's distinction with regard to the short-story? 5. Quote Poe on totality of impression. 6. What qualities are imperative in a short-story writer, according to Prof. Matthews? 7. Give the author's definition of a short-story. 8. How does the short-story differ from the sketch? 9. How does emphasis make a distinction between the short-story and the novel? 10. Expand the phrase "the greatest economy of means." 11. What point is illustrated in the story of the Prodigal Son by the introduction of the third character? 12. Speak of the short-story and the story that is short. 13. Discuss James's "The Turn of the Screw." 14. What is the point to be remembered in distinguishing the short-story from the novelette? 15. Quote Professor Perry. 16. Speak of the different equipment of the writers of novels and of short-stories. 17. Which form demands the more careful art? 18. Why is the short-story an expression of youth? 19. Is the short-story realistic or romantic?

Chapter XI. 1. What is the chief problem of the short-story writer? 2. What is the importance of the opening of the story? 3. Illustrate by Poe, Hawthorne, Kipling. 4. Speak in like manner of the ending of the short-story. 5. Analyze "Ligeia." 6. Speak of the inevitability of structure of "The Prodigal Son;" 7. Of its style. 8. Upon what does unity of mood depend?

Chapter XII. 1. Compare structure and style in fiction. 2. Speak of "good style" and "bad style." 3. What two appeals are made by language? 4. When has an utterance the quality of style? 5. Give examples of style and no style. 6. How does choice of words with regard to sound and to power to evoke memories help the achievement of style? 7. Summarize Stevenson on arrangement. 8. Notice the rhythm in the "Markheim" quotation. 9. Discuss the attainment of style. 10. Compare the value of matter and of form. 11. Illustrate by "Don Quixote," Scott, Thackeray. 12. What does "Mrs. Knollys" illustrate. 13. Speak of Fenimore Cooper and art. 14. Compare the art of Jane Austen with that of George Eliot. 15. Discuss the workmanship of Poe and of de Maupassant. 16. Classify "The Scarlet Letter," "The Brushwood Boy," "Dream-Children." 17. What should be the fiction writer's ultimate ideal?



BIBLIOGRAPHY ON "MATERIALS AND METHODS OF FICTION"

A Study in Prose Fiction, Bliss Perry, \$1.25. *The Art of Fiction*, Besant, 50 cents net. *The Art of Fiction*, James, bound with Besant's *The Art of Fiction*, 75 cents. *Criticism and Fiction*, Howells, \$1.00. *A Gossip on Romance*, *A Humble Remonstrance*, in *Memories and Portraits*. Stevenson, \$1.00. *On Some Technical Elements of Style in Literature*, in *Essays of Travel and on the Art of Writing*, Stevenson, \$1.25. *Modern Painters*, Ruskin, 5 vs. 35 cents net, Everyman's. *The Theory of the Theater*, Clayton Hamilton, \$1.50. *A Study of the Drama*, Brander Matthews, \$1.50 net. *The Philosophy of the Short-Story*, Brander Matthews, 50 cents. Review of Hawthorne's "Tales" in *Essays of Travel and On the Art of Writing*, Poe, 80 cents. *American Short Stories*, Charles Sears Baldwin, \$1.40 net Wampum Library.

Talk About Books

THE LAND WE LIVE IN. By Overton W. Price. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company. \$1.50 net; 20 cents postage.

The author of this delightful book is vice-president of the National Conservation Association of which Gifford Pinchot is president. Mr. Pinchot has enriched the volume by an appreciative Foreword, but the plea for the conservation of our country's resources is made with a simple directness yet with a wealth of detail which needs no further enrichment.

Mr. Price's plan gives a glance at the America of the colonial settlers and compares its abundance then with its depleted state now. Forests and farms and mines and rivers are discussed with a full understanding of what their preservation means to the country, and how it may be helped on by every good citizen. The book is far more than a piece of special pleading; it is also a broad survey of the United States made by a man who is friendly with nature and who knows how to tell what he knows.

Though somewhat large and heavy to the hand, the book is in other respects beautifully produced. The illustrations on almost every page are from photographs alive with interest.

STUDIES: MILITARY AND DIPLOMATIC. 1775-1865. By Charles Francis Adams. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.50 net.

Of the ten papers making up this volume, eight deal with military matters, two with diplomatic. Five of the former have to do with the Revolutionary War, the remaining three with the Civil. Perhaps the most interesting statement in the entire book occurs in the last paper, on "Queen Victoria and the Civil War," in which Mr. Adams asserts that "there is nothing whatever to indicate that the queen ever felt any personal interest in the American struggle, or, after the Prince Consort's death (December, 1861) sought to influence in the slightest the policy of the ministry in regard to it." No less a person that President Eliot said, no farther back than 1902: "It is credibly reported that at a very critical moment the Queen of England said to her prime minister, 'My lord, you must understand that I shall sign no paper which means war with the United States.' " The critical moment was apparently at the special Cabinet meeting in London of October 23, 1862, at which a proposal for mediation between the North and South, was planned to be adopted. The meeting took place, but nothing in the way of mediation occurred. The failure of the design, however, is to be attributed, not to any word from the Queen, who was not in England, being on her way home from Germany, but to Palmers-

ton's jealousy of Gladstone's rising star. The latter had just made his famous utterance that Jefferson Davis had "made a nation," and, while Palmerston was at one with him in his view of the American situation, he resented the attempt to force his hand. Upon such motives so momentous an issue! Mr. Adams must feel the regret of his readers at the apparent necessity of dismissing so pleasing a tradition as the one which thus seems to be shattered.

ARGENTINA AND HER PEOPLE OF TODAY. By Nevin O. Winter. Boston: L. C. Page & Company. \$3.00.

Every reader of Mr. VanDyke's admirable Reading Journey through South America in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* will learn gladly of Nevin Winter's "Argentina," an important addition to his descriptive and critical studies of Mexico, Guatemala, and Brazil. The country which he discusses in this volume is "one of the greatest food-producing countries on the face of the globe", and as such, its pampas rival the spectacular production of the Bolivian mines. It extends from the melting tropics to the frozen antarctic and this spread influences all life within its bounds. Its people range from the mixed races of European ancestry to the "big feet" Patagonians; its towns from the "Paris of the Southern Hemisphere," Buenos Aires, to the rude groups of Indian dwellings in Tierra del Fuego. It is a land enormous in variety as in extent. The author has made it felt.

"WOMAN AND LABOR," by Olive Schreiner. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. \$1.25.

"This fragment," says the author, "is a remembrance mainly drawn from one chapter of the larger book."

After a life time spent in "tracing the difference of sex function" from plant life through the non-human and the human family to women of today attempting "readjustment in their relations to their social organism," and after writing it all in that "larger book," which was burned during the Boer War as it lay completed, the author, in ill health, confined in a little village where "the brunt of the war was breaking," tried to force her thought from the horror around her by writing this "remembrance."

In it is primitive, heroic strength of expression, high controlled passion clothing facts of science and of life, vision seeing above and below the present clamor, and the message, ruthlessly destroyed after years of toil, yet breaking forth in this final flame.

And this is the message:

"Give us labor and the training which fits us for labor! We demand this, not for ourselves alone, but for the race."

"We claim, today, all labor for our province."

For countless ages the great mass of women have labored severely. Today machinery, which has opened to man rapidly expanding fields of labor, has robbed woman of her ancient domestic domain. The clothing and feeding of her household is ever more largely usurped by machinery. Schools train her children. She bears fewer, for war, famine, disease and hand labor take a smaller toll, and education of children is demanded and is expensive. Today, for the vast masses of women, domestic labor contracts because of mechanical inventions, child-bearing lessens and woman tends to become a parasite, dependent on the labor of man. Parasitism heralds degeneration of woman and decay of the race; therefore, as the old domestic labor slips from her she must grasp the new forms of labor. The woman's movement of today is an instinctive effort for self- and race-preservation, and "it is essentially a movement of the woman toward the man, of the sexes towards closer union." It is "an enlarged and strengthened womanhood bearing forward with it a strengthened and expanded race."

FOR LOVERS AND OTHERS. By James Terry White. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$1.25 net.

This gift book of original verse to commemorate the "Affection Days of Life"—betrothal, birthday, graduation, wedding—and more than seventy others—has been set forth elaborately by the publishers. Undoubtedly its sentiment will win approval.

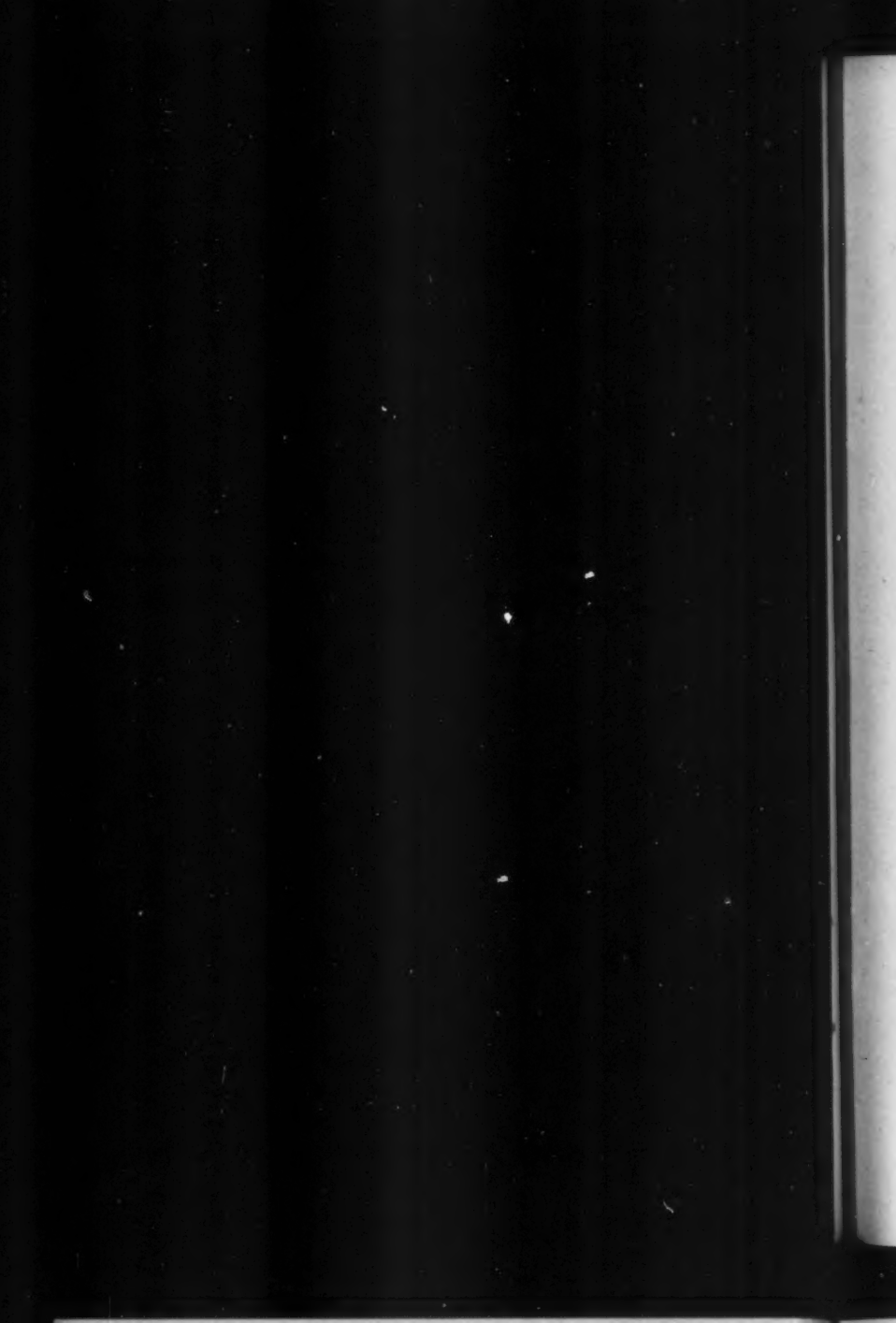
A LEGEND OF THE ROSE AND OTHER POEMS. By Leyland Huckfield. Minneapolis, Minnesota. \$1.25.

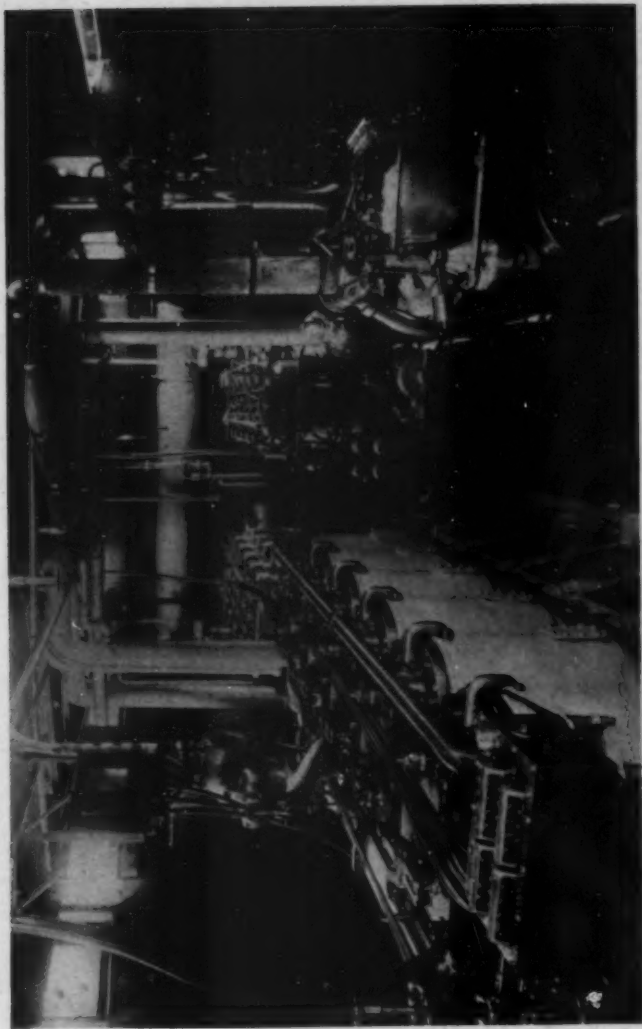
Leyland Huckfield has penned his lyrics on time-honored themes, but they have some distinction of form and are not amateurish.

THE COWARD OF THERMOPYLAE. By Caroline Dale Snedeker. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. Fixed price, \$1.20.

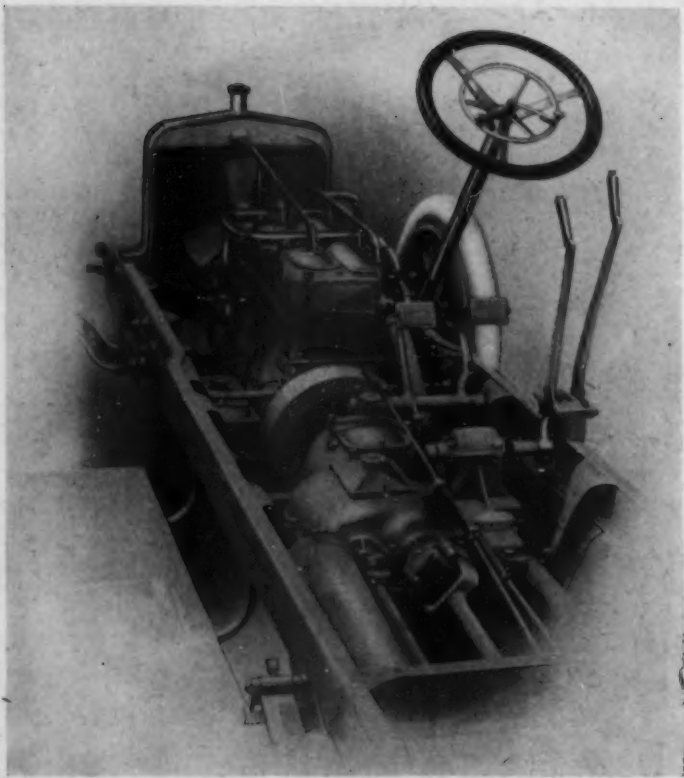
A musician and a poet herself, Mrs. Snedeker has written in "The Coward of Thermopylae" a tale of an ancient singer who was at once a poet and a fighter. The story is an enlargement of Herodotus's brief account of that Aristodemos who was the only man who returned to Sparta from the Pass of Thermopylae. Branded as "Coward" by the Spartans, he redeemed himself by his valor at the later battle at Plataea. Mrs. Snedeker has achieved a character study of value in her presentation of Aristodemos, and she has injected into her story a multitude of informing details concerning Greek life. It is a book worth reading from several points of view.



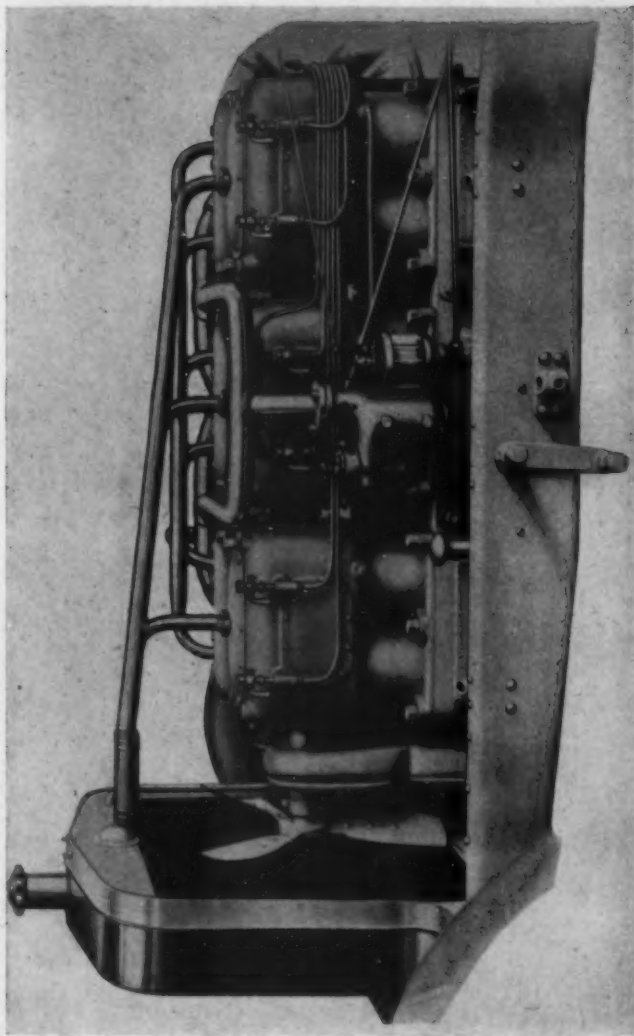




Engine Room of Triple-Screw Gasoline Yacht "Whirlwind," showing three "Speedway" Gasoline Engines, Air Compressor, Electric Lighting Set, Switchboard, Pumps, etc. (*American Engineering, The Gasoline Engine*)



Chassis, showing arrangement of "Winton" six cylinders, flywheel, levers, and pedals. The inner lever operates the sliding gears to effect speed changes. (See *American Engineering*. *The Gasoline Engine*)



Carburetor Side of "Winton" Six-cylinder Automobile motor, showing radiator, piping to cylinder jackets, etc.
(See *American Engineering*. *The Gasoline Engine*)



Peter Pan IV. Speed $27\frac{1}{2}$ miles per hour. Equipped with forty horse power "Reliance" motor. One of the most remarkable photographs ever made of a motor boat

(See *American Engineering. The Gasoline Engine*)

